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MEMORIALS OF C. M. ALSOP.

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MEMORIALS

OF

CHRISTINE R. MAJOLIER ALSOP.

COMPILED BY

MARTHA BRAITHWAITE.

"How does my soul crave that I may be replenished with this living faith, this holy love; producing a readiness to do all the Lord's commandments, and to suffer all His will."

Extract from her Journal, 1859.

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1881

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PREFACE.

IN attempting to give a record of the life of our late beloved Friend, Christine M. Alsop, I deeply feel that it is only as the Lord is pleased to help me that I can faithfully portray a character of no common kind. Many years her junior in age, it was only during the latter years of her life, that I was privileged with an intimate acquaintance with her. The friendship that subsisted between us, was founded on the love of God in Christ our Saviour. It was the same in joy or in sorrow, a deep, rich, full tide of blessing. My children used, for many years, to call her "*grand-mère.*"

Her own Autobiography furnishes the record of her early life, and has been largely used. Letters, journals, and papers supply the rest.

From so large a mass of material the task of selection has been difficult. I have aimed at condensation; and have endeavoured to avoid that which had ceased to interest, or which was

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without its lesson. In the details of her many journeyings, persons rather than places have been brought the most prominently forward.

If the little volume prove of interest to her many friends; and above all if it be made instrumental in winning any precious soul to the love of that Redeemer in whom she rejoiced to believe; and if any of the Lord's dear children be thereby encouraged to follow her as she sought to follow Christ, I shall feel amply repaid for the labour of compilation.

I am not without the hope that the retrospect of her life and labours may tend to awaken and strengthen an interest in France, and in the progress of Gospel truth in that great country, so influential for good or for evil among the nations of Europe.

In sending the Memoir to the press, I have had the help of my beloved husband, who has kindly looked over what was already prepared and made a few valuable additions.

MARTHA BRAITHWAITE.

312, CAMDEN ROAD, LONDON.
Fourth Month, 1881.

P.S.—I may just notice that, owing to a little oversight, the name "Congénies" is, in the earlier chapters, printed without the accent.

An interesting narrative, illustrating and confirming the account given by C. M. Alsop in her Autobiography (p. 3) as to the manner in which the little company in the South of France first became acquainted with English Friends will be found in the Appendix. It is the reprint of a tract published at Manchester carefully complied from authentic materials.

M. B.

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MEMORIALS

OF

CHRISTINE MAJOLIER ALSOP.

CHAPTER I.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Birth—Connection of her ancestors and family with the early Protestants of France—French prophets—The Camisards—Anecdotes of persecution—Her father gives up the law—Becomes acquainted with Friends—Visits London—Troubles of the Revolution—His Christian kindness and disinterestedness—He becomes a Minister of the Gospel amongst Friends.

CHRISTINE MAJOLIER (who, by her subsequent marriage, became Christine M. Alsop) was born at Congenies in the Department du Gard, in the South of France, on the 10th of the Sixth Month, 1805. Her father, Louis Antoine Majolier, was a native of Calvisson, a large village, situated two miles to the east of Congenies. Her mother, whose maiden name was Marie Brun, was born at Fontanés, a little village almost at the foot of the Cevennes.

My grandparents (writes C. M. Alsop in her Autobiography) were, on both sides, descended from persons who were known by the name of the French Prophets,

who were themselves descended from the Camisards of the Cevennes,—Protestants who had never embraced the errors of Rome, and who long defended themselves against the attacks of Louis XIV., after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, and were in consequence almost entirely exterminated or driven into exile. Those who escaped remained concealed in the fastnesses of the rocky districts in which they were born. The sufferings they had undergone, the remarkable deliverances they had experienced, the wrongs they had endured, all tended to foster the spirit of enthusiasm, so natural to a warm-hearted people, living in a tract of country so romantic, and in a climate so genial. They met in small companies in retired dwellings, or in caverns in the rocks, for divine worship; and the rocks often re-echoed the sound of their psalm-singing without its being possible for their pursuers to find them; one person being generally on the watch on some eminence to warn the others of the near approach of the enemy, who, on their arrival on the spot, found all still, and were unable to find the objects of their search. The relation of the marvellous escapes, and other wonderful stories of these mountaineers amongst whom my ancestors lived, were the evening pastimes of my childhood. With what interest have I listened to the tales, so often repeated, which my dear mother would relate to us in the winter evenings, how their meetings were sometimes broken up by those assembled hearing extraordinary sounds like the clanking of arms in the air over their heads, while the enemy were at a sufficient distance to allow them all to disperse; how young children were made

the instruments not only of warning those assembled of the approach of their pursuers, but also of encouraging them to trust in the invincible arm of "the Eternal"; or how some found safety in lofts and stables where the eyes of the soldiers, who were in search of them, were so holden that they could not see them.

The preachers among these people, who were called the Prophets, used to declaim against a hireling ministry and the ordinances so called, against every kind of oppression, and pronounced woes upon their oppressors, and all those who did evil. One story in particular we delighted to hear. One of these Prophets, whose name was Auzière, used often to go to the house of one of our relatives to hold meetings. He kept his store of written discourses in a box, which was hidden in the hay-loft. Some of these discourses still exist, and are in the possession of my cousin, Samuel Brun; they are curious, very neatly written, but they do not contain much Gospel truth; they are chiefly denunciations against the ungodly, and encouragements to hold fast in the *faith*. This poor man, being pursued on account of his writings and preaching, often took refuge at Fontanés, and when the soldiers were near he used to hide himself in the loft together with his papers. On one occasion, the house being about to be searched, he effected his escape and went into the neighbouring wood; he had no sooner gone than he remembered the writings in the old box, and fearing lest they should bring the persons who had so generously protected him into trouble, he fell on his knees under a tree and prayed fervently that they might not be found, or, if found, he prayed that

the eyes of those who discovered them should be so holden that they might not be able to read them; for he thought that he had been very cowardly to escape, and thus endanger the safety of his benevolent host. His prayer was answered; for when the soldiers went into the loft and searched amongst the hay for the man, they found the box of manuscripts, and, thrusting their spears into them and tossing them about, they said, "Here is plenty of paper prepared for writing, but there is nothing written," and they left the house without doing any harm. I can never forget the solemnity with which my dear mother related this story, and the impression it made on my mind when I was a child, of the power of the Almighty, and of His goodness displayed by the care He takes in time of danger of those who love Him. My father and mother's parents belonged to a sect which had sprung from the "Prophets." Less visionary than these, though holding some of their views, and more spiritually-minded than the Protestants who surrounded them, they had adopted principles as to the spirituality of the Christian dispensation, ministry, and worship, very similar to those of Friends, before they knew of the existence of such a religious body. They met in silence to worship God and waited for the influence of the Holy Spirit before they expressed anything in their assemblies; and they considered that as the gift of the ministry is freely received it should be freely exercised. Contrary to the practice of their forefathers, who had so desperately defended themselves against the armies of Louis XIV. and XV., they held the unlawfulness of war.

By an advertisement which appeared in the Paris papers, February 24th, 1785, respecting the restitution of some prize property by a Friend named Edward Long Fox, they became acquainted with the existence of the Society of Friends in England. They wrote to Edward L. Fox a letter signed by five out of their number, of whom my dear father was one; he was then about twenty-one years of age. Thus began the intercourse which, except the interruption occasioned by the long war, has continued ever since. During a short interval of quiet at the Peace of Amiens even this disastrous period was availed of, and one of their number, a poor illiterate man of Congenies, named Paul Codognan, was sent to England to print the writings of Auzière; but his ignorance of the English language, and I might say of the French, for he spoke the *patois* of the district, rendered this visit of little use. However, a few books were given to him, which he concealed on his person, and he returned to Congenies, having performed the journey, I believe chiefly on foot, a distance of about sixteen hundred miles.

My dear father was then quite a young man. An attachment to the views of Christian doctrine held by this little society had inclined him to give up the profession for which he was educated, that of the law, which, in the state of affairs at that period, he thought he could not follow without compromising his principles, or at least without having his attention diverted from those things which are of greater importance than the acquisition of worldly honours and possessions. As he was an only son, his parents, though not rich, had been able to give him a good education, far

beyond those about him, and he had been some years with a *notaire* of considerable reputation and great respectability at St. Ambroix. This gentleman had three daughters but no son, and he had frequently delicately hinted to my father, that he would leave him his business, if he married one of his daughters, who were well brought up; two of them being about my father's age, and very pleasing; but, to his great surrise, my father informed him that he thought it right to leave him for the reason I have mentioned. His kind patron, although unable to understand his motives, respected his intentions, and they parted on very friendly terms. Soon after this my dear father married Marie Brun, of Fontanés, the eldest daughter of Samuel and Marie Brun, who were amongst the most prominent of the new sect. They first settled at Calvisson, which was the most central place for the meetings, which were then held somewhat after the manner of Friends, and were numerously attended by persons who lived in the neighbouring villages; they met in private houses. There was also a meeting held at St. Gilles, and they had many ministers amongst them, both men and women.

On his marriage, my father took his wife to his parents' home, where he learnt weaving, to maintain his family—thus evincing his willingness to give up what he thought was required of him by his divine Master. But he had many difficulties to contend with, particularly on account of the strange notions and conduct of many of those with whom he was in profession; and I have heard him say that he had almost given up all hope of being of any use to his fellow-

professors, when some English and American Friends came to visit them in the year 1788. These were George and Sarah Dillwyn, Robert and Sarah Grubb, Mary Dudley, Ady Bellamy, and John Eliot. Mary Dudley thus notices the first meeting they attended at Congenies, 25th of Fifth Month, 1788:—"The meeting this morning was attended by between eighty and ninety persons. Soon after sitting down, several of them appeared strongly agitated, and no less than five spoke, one after another, in testimony or supplication, all sitting, except one man, who stood up and expressed a little in humility and tenderness." This was, I suppose, Pierre Rabinel; and on the 4th of Sixth Month she says:—"Since the 26th ult. we have sat with twelve families in this village—one at Fontanés, six miles distant; two at Quissac, nine miles further; and two at Calvisson, one and a-half miles from hence. At this last-mentioned place resides Louis Majolier, who has been our attentive companion in the family sittings, and at our lodging, since we first came; he is a sensible intelligent young man, evidently under the tendering visitation of truth, and humbly desirous of right instruction." Mary Dudley thus describes the little company at that time:—"Their appearance, manner of behaviour, &c., are certainly such as bear little resemblance to our Society; but the honest simplicity there is among them, the apparent consciousness of their deficiencies, and tenderness of spirit, confirm our hope of a clearer prospect opening in due season." Even then they held meetings for discipline; for Mary Dudley remarks:—"In the afternoon they held their

Monthly Meeting, the business whereof is only the care of their poor, and oversight of each other's moral conduct; but our men friends, who understand the language, observed that their method far exceeded their expectations."

It appears from Mary Dudley's account that they held their meetings with the outer doors locked. Some time after the return of these Friends to England, my dear father visited that country and became better acquainted with the principles and discipline of Friends there, and from that time felt himself called to the ministry, and he also devoted himself to the education of the children of his fellow-professors. He opened a school at Congenies, where he came to reside, as that village was the centre of the rising Society; but his task was a difficult one. There were many errors to be eradicated among those with whom he felt called to labour. He was often discouraged; but, to use his own expression, an irresistible power impelled him, and he received strength to persevere; and although young at that time he was the instrument of a favourable change amongst the Friends—being greatly helped by his correspondence with the Friends in England, who also partly supported his school. He was thus employed when the troubles of the Revolution totally changed the face of things; the school was suspended, and they were no longer permitted to meet for worship. He had then to suffer from privations of all kinds; he saw himself frequently without the means of supplying the wants of his increasing family, but he always acted with the greatest disinterestedness; still thinking of those who were worse off than

himself, and contributing to their relief by dividing with them the little that his great industry procured him. Among the many circumstances which largely called forth the deep sympathy of my parents, and which I have often heard them relate, of this disastrous period, I must mention one of great interest. The *notaire* at St. Ambroix, with whom my father had formerly studied, being a suspected *aristocrate*, though an honest, respectable man, was, under some slight pretext, arrested, taken to Paris and his property confiscated; his poor wife and three daughters followed him thither on foot, and had the inexpressible anguish of witnessing his public execution. Their emotion at the spectacle betrayed them; they were seized, reconducted to the South, and imprisoned in the tower of the Castle of Sommières, about three miles from Congenies. The youngest daughter was a mere child, so she was allowed to go in and out of the prison; they had thus the means of making their situation known to my father, and he alleviated the trials of their position as much as lay in his power. Many months were these delicate women, well brought up, and accustomed to many of the luxuries of life, kept in this prison, with the worst accommodation, and, had it not been for the assistance of their friends, with scarcely a sufficiency of the coarsest food; for, as it was a time of great scarcity, those who were imprisoned were kept on very scanty fare.

When the storm began to subside, and they were set at liberty, they had only the clothes with which they had entered the prison, tattered with wear, and no home to go to; their once comfortable home having

been ransacked, and all they had possessed being now in the possession of others. By that time my dear father had been able to build himself a small house, consisting of four rooms and some outbuildings; but, with an increasing family he was struggling amidst many difficulties; yet his grateful heart could not bear to leave his former kind mistress (now a helpless widow with her fatherless children) unbefriended. He generously offered her one of his three rooms, that they might share equally with his family until means should be devised for their help. As they were in a state of such destitution that they could not go to Nîmes to procure work, my father went himself and obtained for them, from houses and persons that he knew, muslin embroidery, at which they were expert, and by great industry they were able in a short time to earn enough to buy clothing and partly to support themselves. They lived in our family, until, by their own earnings and the help of their friends, they were able to furnish an apartment and open a school for girls at Nîmes, where they maintained themselves respectably for many years. The mother retained a very warm affection for my father to the day of her death, and the eldest daughter, who as I write is still living, can scarcely speak of him without tears. They were Roman Catholics, but she told me when I last saw her, that the thought of my dear father made her disbelieve one of the doctrines of her Church ("hors de l'Eglise point de salut"); he had taught her both by example and precept to value the Bible.

Although during this time of trial and difficulty my father could not derive from England the help which

he so much needed for carrying on the school, yet he and those about him persevered in their attachment to and profession of the principles they had adopted, and as soon as the horrors of the Revolution were over they resumed their meetings and reopened the school. In the year 1797 they received a visit from William Savory and David Sands from America, who were allowed to travel in France on the ground of their being Americans.

William Savory thus describes his arrival at Congenies, 13th of Third Month, 1797:—"We hired a *voiture* at Nîmes to take us to Congenies, about three and a-half leagues. The country between Nîmes and Congenies, though sometimes mountainous, is fine; the people seemed pleased at seeing us, and immediately judged we were Friends, having seen those who were here eight or nine years ago. We went to Louis Majolier's to lodge, and, several of the Friends being there, they received us with strong marks of affection and joy."

My father had by this time enlarged his house; it contained two large rooms, besides the part occupied by his family; one was used as a schoolroom and place of meeting, and the room over it was a bedroom for the boys who boarded in the house. It appears that there were at Congenies, at the time of William Savory's visit, seventeen families of those professing with Friends, and he describes the aspect of things pretty much as they were when I was a child. The meetings were then held in the large room I have mentioned, which we called "*la Salle;*" it had a separate entrance to it from the terrace raised from

the road, but with no wall as it is now. The room was used as a schoolroom when I was about nine or ten years old; but there must have been some interruption, for I remember that the first school I attended was one held by an old woman, who was cunning enough to have her two goats in the schoolroom at the hour of our lunch; we of course fed them, and thus returned home hungry, to the surprise of our parents, who thought they had abundantly supplied us with food.

As a maintenance for his family, my father accepted employment as a land surveyor in the new taxation directed by Bonaparte, and in the parcelling out of the confiscated estates of the nobility. He had then a very favourable opportunity for enriching himself, as many did, who worked with him; but he conscientiously objected to buy any land for himself, except one field opposite our house, for which he paid the full value. Always bent on improving the condition of those by whom he was surrounded, he was eminently useful among them, both by pecuniary assistance (often beyond the bounds of prudence) and by adopting and encouraging improvements in agriculture. He was the means of introducing the culture of the potato into that part of the country.

This was of incalculable benefit at a time that corn was so dear that it was quite unsafe to keep any considerable quantity in the house, for fear of having it stolen. I well remember the heap of potatoes in the large room over "*la Salle*," which was chiefly used at that time for such things; and to which I was often sent, when a very little girl, to fill a small basket

to give to some person or other, who would have been ashamed to beg, but who nevertheless received this little help with gratitude, and carried the treasure home carefully hid from view.* One year, it might be 1811, as that was a year of greater scarcity than even the others—my father had sown the field opposite the house (which still bears the name of "la terre de Clastre") with buckwheat. The crop was unusually abundant, and it proved the means of relieving many of the poorer inhabitants of the village. I have now clearly before my memory the little brown loaves as they were brought home on a donkey's back, in the long trough used in the place to take the dough to the bakehouse and bring back the bread, followed by half-a-dozen or more women and children coming for their portion. I remember how sorrowfully my dear mother turned the poor things away when the weekly baking was exhausted. I have the recollection of the *effects* only of the Revolution, and of the sad tales which my mother used to relate to us of what she had witnessed. Of the calamities of war I have a clear remembrance, and though it was never my lot to be near the seat of war, we saw

* It is of this time of Christine Majolier's life that one of her sisters writes:—"From a very tender age she manifested a desire to contribute to the welfare of others. How often between school hours might we search in vain in the village for the happy fair-haired child, thinking to find her at play, when she was all the while busy doing some little service of love for her neighbours! Thus the finger of God marked her out from her early years as one who should scatter widely around her the seeds of that kindness which makes life bright and beautiful."

at different times a great number of prisoners, and one day, in a deep snow, 1,800 passed by our house, and many of them were relieved, the large room over the meeting-place accommodating, for the night, many who were foot-sore; and as long as memory lasts, I shall not lose the impression of sympathy which my childish heart often felt with the mothers who were obliged to part with their sons for the conscription, particularly the levy *en masse* of 1811, when boys of sixteen and upwards were torn from the parental roof, with almost the certainty that they would never return. Congenies being on the high road from several towns and villages to Nîmes, I have often witnessed the anguish of the poor disconsolate relatives, who accompanied their children as far as our house, which stood at the end of the village, and there parted never to meet again. My dear mother used often to invite these poor creatures into our home to endeavour to soothe them, but it may truly be said that, "they would not be comforted;" and what has fixed itself the most in my memory are the screams, and the wringing of hands, which I have often witnessed, and which gave to my young and warm heart a thorough hatred of war and *Napoleon* (whose name I *then* understood to be the same as Apollyon, whose picture I had seen in a French translation of "Pilgrim's Progress"). From what I have known of the sorrow which is almost universally felt by parents when their children are drawn for soldiers, I feel persuaded that the French are not the war-loving people that they are supposed to be. In general before the time of the conscription arrives, and

this is when a young man attains his twenty-first year, no pains are spared by the parents to be in a position to bring forward everything that may procure an exemption from service, should the individual draw a number that would expose him to it; and when, as it mostly happens, there is no hope from this quarter, the parents are willing, if at all able, to pay large sums of money to ensure their sons from the liability; and I have known many who have had several sons; who have mortgaged their little estates to so great an extent as to be irrecoverably poor to the end of their lives. During the time of war many comparatively rich families were quite ruined, to pay substitutes for their sons, and even now, in time of peace, it costs about £30 to ensure; but if a young man takes his chance and draws his lot without ensuring, he will have to pay more than £100 for a substitute.

When I was a very little girl, perhaps six or eight years of age, a circumstance occurred in our neighbourhood which greatly influenced my after-judgment on the subject of the punishment of death for murder. A young man named Bastide, who had lived respectably, was accused of having poisoned his uncle and aunt, who lived at the Vigan. These individuals had no children, they were much attached to the young man in question, who used to visit them frequently, and it was generally known they had made their will in his favour. A day or two after one of these visits, the uncle and aunt were found dead in their house from the effect of poison. Another relative directed the accusation towards this young man; he brought

forward witnesses to his having procured poison, and the evidence appeared so *clear* against him, and he could bring so little to disprove the charge, that, although he protested his innocence, he was found guilty and condemned to be beheaded. He was imprisoned and judged at Nîmes, but, as the crime had been committed at the Vigan, he was sentenced to be beheaded there. My cousin, now my brother-in-law, Antoine Clavel, of Codogan, was then a soldier stationed at Nîmes. He was one of the guard commissioned to convey the poor fellow to the place of execution; they brought him through Congenies in a cart, with a tilt over it, and as they came up to our house the sad procession stopped. There were several *gendarmes* on horseback, and a few soldiers on foot. My cousin came into the house and had a glass of wine, and a bottle and glasses were taken out for the other soldiers. My dear father went up to the cart, which was soon surrounded by the inhabitants of the village. I went up close to my father, who was speaking to the poor man; he lifted me up and set me on the cart, so that I plainly saw him. He was lying on a mattress, almost lifeless; we were told that from the time he had been sentenced, he had refused to take food, and that he obstinately persisted in protesting his innocence, although no one seemed to doubt his guilt. My father offered him something to take, but he refused, and said he hoped to die before he came to the place of execution; and I suppose he was endeavouring to persuade him to confess, and to show him the necessity of repentance, for he suddenly roused and raising his hand said, as nearly as I can remember,

"Je suis innocent, et le Dieu des cieux ne laissera point ce crime impuni." These words had evidently an effect on all that heard them, and there was a murmur of horror and sympathy in the crowd. The *gendarmes* however, ordered the cart to be put in motion. As I was taken off the cart I felt as though my little heart would break. I begged of my father, whom I then thought most influential, to intercede for him; I cried out that he should not be killed, and I greatly wondered that the Mayor of the village, and many other persons there assembled, and particularly my father, who was so kind to everybody, should thus allow an innocent young man (I believe he was only about twenty-two) to be taken to execution. In a few days we heard that he had been beheaded, but that he was all but dead when taken to the place of execution, and that as long as he could speak he made the same protestation of innocence. The scene haunted me for days, and very often I wept over the fate of this poor victim of the law. Still, as everyone thought he *must* be guilty, like many other sad events it was almost forgotten, until the relative who had accused this young man, and had inherited the uncle's property, was brought to his death-bed, eight or ten years I think after the melancholy execution; and before he died he confessed that he had committed the crime through the agency of the person whom he had brought forward as a witness against the innocent sufferer. I have heard my father say that when the judge who had passed the sentence heard of this circumstance, he was so distressed that he retired from the bench, and that his hair suddenly turned white with sorrow.

Whenever I think of the subject of the punishment of death, this instance of the fallibility of human judgment, by which the life of an innocent victim was sacrificed, comes also before me with vividness; and I can imagine I see the almost lifeless young man lying on his mattress, mustering his little remaining strength to say, "I am innocent."

CHAPTER II.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY CONTINUED.

Visit to her sister at Sauve—Earliest remembrance of meetings of Friends at Congenies—Remarkable preservation of Pierre Rabinel—Declaration of Peace—Old animosities renewed—Visits from Friends.

ABOUT this time my father was much from home on business. He had to struggle with many difficulties to maintain a large family of eight children, and my dear mother had very poor health.

It was, I think, when I was about six years old, that my eldest sister, Alix, married Louis Roux, of Sauve, just at the foot of the Cevennes. I stayed with her several months after her marriage. My dear mother's state of health had prevented her from extending to my sister Lydie and myself that degree of care that her maternal solicitude would have prompted, and we were very much under the care of my eldest sister till her marriage. As Sauve was the first place from home at which I stayed, I will endeavour to describe it. The situation of the little town is most romantic; and even at that early age I remember being struck with the contrast which it presented to Congenies, where the country is comparatively plain and richly planted with vines and olives, although in the neighbourhood of stony, barren hills. Before we come to Sauve we pass for a considerable distance

along the banks of a river called the Vidourle, one of those mountain streams which, although apparently insignificant sometimes, are most terrific after a season of rain, carrying everything before them in an awful manner. The Vidourle takes its rise in the mountains, just above Sauve, and rushes through into a basin at the foot of the town. As I have not seen this basin since that early period, I may be permitted to consider it a remarkable place, when compared with our little "Jacob's Well" at Congenies, which till then I had looked upon as a very wonderful supply of water. Near the town, the banks of this river are richly cultivated as vegetable and fruit gardens, in spite of the many disappointments which are so often occasioned by the inundations which frequently take place. A little further from the shore are groves of mulberry trees, and up the sides of the rocky mountains every nook is availed of, at great labour and pains, to plant vines or fruit trees; and where nothing else will grow, in the very clefts of the rock, a tree called the *Alizier*, which there appears only as a shrub, is cultivated for the purpose of making hay forks, which are articles of considerable commerce in the place. The shoots grow from a stump, whose roots run into the interstices of the rock; they have three twigs from the same point; these form the three prongs of the fork; and these forks are the nicest things of the kind I ever saw. The town is built on the side of the mountain. My sister's house was about the middle of the town: from the road we had to cross the river on an old bridge, and then go up a great number of steps under an archway. Enter-

ing the house from the street, we had to go *down stairs* to the kitchen and sitting-room, which seemed to be cut out of the rock, with a wall on one side, and a window, at a great height from the road below, looking towards the river. Everything seemed to be different from what I had been accustomed to—the utensils used, the washing by the river side, the form of the water pitchers, and the manner of carrying them on the side, instead of the head.

I remember to this day the varied impressions which I received in this new temporary home. Even the plates made near the place were different. They had three compartments; one for the meat, one for salad, the third for some variously dressed vegetable; and were used by the men, who were mostly stocking-weavers, in taking their meals either in the streets, for the sake of the fresh air, or at each other's houses, for the sake of company. Everything pleased and surprised me, and moreover I was made much of. But nothing delighted me so much by contrast as attending the Roman Catholic worship. My sister's near relatives were Protestants, but her husband had a cousin, also named Christine, who was a Roman Catholic, and almost grown up, who took a great fancy to me. I was much with her, and as there was no Friends' meeting, she regularly took me to the Roman Catholic church. This was a high treat to me; and when I returned home, although I missed many other indulgences, I missed nothing more than the church; and the first time I was taken to our meeting on my return, after sitting a little while, I burst into tears, sobbing out that I wished to go to church.

Whether it was this early-formed taste, or my frequent intercourse with the children of a Roman Catholic family at Congenies, where the priest used sometimes to visit, I know not; but I became very fond of him, and he used to take much notice of me. He was a man of a retiring disposition, and his house was almost a sealed house; but he was fond of flowers and so was my brother Christophe, who was then an invalid, as was also the daughter of the family I have mentioned, and as I was a fearless child, they used to send me to him on little errands, to make exchanges, &c. My dear mother also sometimes sent me to him with little presents of fruit and vegetables, as she did to the other neighbours. One day I well remember taking a basket of figs; his mother introduced me to him while he was at breakfast in his little parlour; he spoke kindly to me, but he soon saw that my attention was riveted on an image in a niche, of the Virgin and Child surrounded with little flying angels. He took the opportunity to endeavour to raise in my mind a feeling of reverence for these images, and to excite the desire to have them, by saying, "You have nothing like that in your meeting; would not you like to have such?" I told him I certainly should. "But," he added rather tauntingly, "you do not believe in Jesus and the angels." Here I suppose I felt called upon to defend my faith, and very innocently said, "Oh, yes, I think we do! but we do not believe in those which are made of wax." I remember that here the conversation ended, and I should probably never have known that my answer was any way fitting or clever had not the priest repeated it to our

neighbour, who used to amuse himself by asking me, why I did not believe in wax angels. I have mentioned these circumstances to show what Protestant children are exposed to in a Roman Catholic country, and how necessary it is that they should be early taught to give some reason for their faith.

I must not leave the subject of my early childhood without mentioning the vivid impressions which were made on my mind by reading the Scriptures. Living as I did where the customs of the people as well as the aspect of the country are so similar to those described there, the Bible assumed a reality which I scarcely think possible in the case of children to whom such manners and customs are not familiar. The vines, the fig-trees, the pomegranates and the olives; the wheel broken at the cistern; the watering of the earth with the foot; the ox treading out the corn; the shepherd going before the sheep; the leading of the horse or of the ass to watering; the treading of the winepress *alone;* the figure of the man sitting down under his own vine and his own fig-tree, where none should make him afraid; all these and many other beautiful allusions, which must be lost on English children and all those inhabiting northern countries, were completely intelligible to *me*, and for each scene mentioned in the Bible I had a clear representation in my mind's eye. Our famous fountain at Congenies furnished me with more than one. There, when I used to be sent to fill my little pitcher with water, I used to fancy I saw Rebekah going down to draw water for the camels of Eleazar; not that I had seen *camels* there; but very often on a summer's evening I had seen flocks of sheep supplied

in the same manner; and there also I fancied I could see our Saviour, sitting on the well, conversing with the woman of Samaria, whom I clearly pictured to my imagination with her pitcher in her hand, just such a one as I had myself. The fountain is situated a quarter of a mile from the village, at the foot of a rocky hill. The crystal spring issues from the rock a little below the surface, and a flight of eight stone steps leads to a well of about 3 feet by 6 inches, part of which is covered by a broad flat stone. On one side of the steps is a parapet to rest the pitchers on, and on the other a trough cut out of a single stone, communicating with smaller ones, used for watering the sheep. The water of this spring is excellent, and when, as it often happens, all the wells of the village are dried up, it affords the inhabitants an abundant supply, and has never been known to fail, or remain many hours below a certain level. This can scarcely be appreciated to the full, except in a country which is so subject to droughts of many months; but the inhabitants speak of it with something amounting to veneration.

One more subject of interest to me during my early childhood I will record. My earliest remembrance of the meeting at Congenies was its being held in "La Salle." My father and Pierre Rabinel, with an old blind friend, Madelaine Benezet, whom my father called "Aunt," sat at the top, and used to preach; and sometimes we had visits from Jacques Brun, a lame friend from St. Gilles. Pierre Rabinel was a great favourite with us; he was an amiable, kind-hearted man, and for many years worked for my father, and attended to his affairs to the best of his

ability when my father was so much from home. Of an evening he used to come in sometimes and amuse us with interesting tales. One in particular used to interest us much, and, like all children who never seem to tire of an often-told tale, we frequently asked him to relate it to us, which he used always to do with so much seriousness, that I have never forgotten the emotions which it produced on my mind; both as to the danger and the remarkable protection which he experienced, and which he attributed to God in direct answer to his prayer. This dear old friend, who, I should think, had a very small share of moral courage, was accustomed to employ his overhours in cultivating a vineyard in a very retired part, amongst the rocky hills above the village, and he used to relate that often when there by himself, at the approach of night, he would pray to be preserved from harm. Once, being later than usual on a bright moonlight night, he heard a noise of something stepping amongst the loose stones. He looked up and saw a large wolf close to him, gnashing at him with his teeth. He saw that there was no hope for him but in Divine protection. "I raised my voice to God," he would say, assuming an impressive attitude, "and I asked Him to protect me by giving me courage and strength to withstand this furious beast. I immediately felt my soul fortified and calm." All this time he was motionless, and the hungry beast stood at bay, showing his teeth and howling at him; but how he should move from the spot he did not know. He had, however, a pickaxe in his hand, and turning his back in the direction of the village he presented

his pickaxe towards the wolf, more as as instrument of defence than of attack. As he moved backwards, the wolf moved also, and thus they went on together over loose stones, having at times to get over walls, and along little paths, which can be imagined only by those who know the country, until they came very near the village, a distance of nearly a mile, when the wolf, hearing a noise, grinned at him and turned off, leaving the dear Friend, as he said, with his heart full of gratitude to that God who had so signally protected him, and answered his prayer by keeping his mind perfectly calm during the time he was thus exposed.

I well remember the Declaration of Peace which followed the overthrow of Napoleon after the Russian campaign; the Catholics especially rejoiced at the return of the Bourbons; but the Protestants felt that some of their liberties were in danger; and many old animosities produced by the sufferings all had undergone during the Revolution revived, now that the all-engrossing excitement was past. Party spirit ran very high, and well did I know what was meant by Royalist and Bonapartist. There was not an individual, even in our village, who did not warmly espouse one party; though here, the majority being Protestants and for Napoleon, we did not witness quarrels between the two parties such as took place at Nîmes and some of the neighbouring places, where the Bonapartists were exposed to much suffering. Those who would not wear the white cockade, were taken and publicly whipped, and some lost their lives. This was done by a lawless rabble. This state of things did not

last long, for suddenly we heard that Napoleon had escaped from Elba, that he had passed close to us, and that he was again at the head of affairs. The Bonapartists now unwisely retaliated; and although they did not commit the same atrocities, yet when they had the power, those among them who were the most unprincipled returned evil for evil, and thus kept alive that malice which was afterwards so abundantly reeked upon them, when, after "the hundred days," Napoleon was defeated at Waterloo. Never can I forget those times of pillage, of murder, and of every kind of ill-treatment, which the Protestants particularly, and all those who were considered to be attached to Napoleon, received from the opposite party; represented by a band of wicked men, headed by one surnamed *Trestaillon*, because he said he would cut all the Bonapartists in three pieces.*

Many houses were pillaged and the inhabitants murdered. Well do I remember the signal-fires which were made on the hills, when the inhabitants of some neighbouring village called others to their help, at the approach, real or supposed, of the lawless band, which was allowed thus to infest the country for many weeks, and with which most of the low population took part.

My dear father's love of peace had induced him rather to rejoice at the overthrow of Napoleon, and many others were of the same opinion, though they

* Some interesting details of this reaction will be found in Browning's History of the Huguenots, chapter lxvii.

were far from having any sympathy with the Royalist party, such as it manifested itself. As my father was known to be a man who would take no part in any commotion, he was wonderfully preserved from harm from either party; and notwithstanding the frequent changes of Mayor in two communes in which he served as Recorder and Registrar, he retained his situation under the different Governments until he resigned. Once during the heat of the persecution he was obliged to go to Nîmes. He had never worn the national cockade. Before he arrived at the barrier he was stopped by a lawless troop, and questioned as to the reason of his having no cockade. He answered that he was not a soldier, and that he did not see but that he could be a very loyal subject without that badge. One of the company said, "Well, let him go; if he is one of them, he is not a bad one." When he arrived at the house of a friend of his, who was a Royalist, he was very strongly remonstrated with; his friend telling him that he had greatly exposed his life by refusing what would do him no harm, and he insisted on giving him a cockade, wishing to fix it on his hat. My father consented to take it, but he put it in his pocket. When he was about to leave the town, he was again stopped, and the same question was put to him, to which he gave a similar answer, adding, "And perhaps you may find that I am a better Royalist than you all, if this is to be the proof; for I never wore the tri-coloured cockade, and probably none among you can say the same." At this they laughed and let him go.

As I have mentioned, our Friends had no commu-

nication with England during the war; but in 1814 Evan Rees, from Neath, came to France for the benefit of his health. He stayed several months in our house, and he began to teach my brothers English. He was the first English Friend I had seen; we were all very fond of him, and he very kindly interested himself in the school which was kept by my uncle Antoine Brun, and in our studies. But the return of Napoleon and the consequent declaration of war, obliged him to hasten home. My brother George went with him, but the authorities would not permit my brother to embark at Bordeaux. However, an Englishman who had just brought his sister to France and was returning without her, offered to take him under the same passport, if he could put on women's clothes. These were lent him by the wife of a Dutch captain, and they all embarked together. They had, however, a very narrow escape, for the vessel being bound for Amsterdam, the English passengers were transferred to an English ship they fell in with, and the same night the Dutch vessel was wrecked and most of the crew perished.

In 1815 we had the first religious visit from Friends that I can remember. This was from Elizabeth Coggeshall and Sarah Hustler, accompanied by Joseph Marriage and Benjamin Seebohm. J. S. Mollett, who then resided at Marseilles, was also with them as interpreter. This dear Friend often visited us. I have no other impression of the visit of these Friends than the great novelty of the scene altogether. The dress, and the language, amused and interested us, and for a long time we children used to hold little meetings; and my sister, Lydie, who was then about seven years

of age, used to try to preach like Elizabeth Coggeshall, dressed up in a mob cap, such as was often worn at that time. We all had, however, a very exalted idea of the English Friends, and thought we could never be as good as they were. At this time my three eldest sisters had left the parental roof, and, though young, I was useful to my dear mother, who had very poor health; but my father often expressed the wish to send me to school in England, and the next year his wish was nearly accomplished, but my mother could not make up her mind to part with me. This was on the occasion of a visit from Priscilla Gurney,* who, on her way from Nice, accompanied by her cousin, A. R. Barclay, stayed about a week at Congenies. Never shall I forget this visit. The attractiveness of Priscilla Gurney's person, her truly winning manners, her kindness, the sweetness of her voice, and, more than all, her likeness to the Master whom she loved and served, drew me to her in a way that words cannot convey; and when she kindly took me into her room to read the Scriptures to her, the explanations which she gave, and her manner of directing my attention to the love of our blessed Saviour, had a great effect on me. I could have followed her anywhere, for I thought that if I was with her I *must* be good. I think they attended only two meetings; Priscilla Gurney spoke in both, and in French; in one she repeated a part of the 13th chapter of Corinthians, on Charity. This seemed to me appli-

* A younger sister of Elizabeth Fry. (*See* "Memoir of J. J Gurney," vol. i., p. 188.)

cable to herself, and when she said, "Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face," I thought her face could not be more beautiful in Heaven than it looked then. She expressed the wish to take me to England, and I was even placed in the carriage between A. R. Barclay and herself a few days before they left, to try if there would be room for me. It was, however, ordered otherwise. They left us, and I understood from herself, that if at any time my father and mother should be willing to send me to England, she would be willing to have me. A short time after this her uncle and aunt, Joseph and Jane Gurney, paid us a short visit on their way from Nice, where they had lost one of their daughters. Joseph Gurney spoke in the meeting in French.

CHAPTER III.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY CONTINUED.

First visit to England—Home at William Allen's—Impressions of new country—Friends, Elizabeth J. Fry, &c.—Plough Court—Learns English—Attends Yearly Meeting—Returns to France in company with her father—Narrow Escape—Feelings on return home.

IT was in the Seventh Month, 1817, that William Allen and his daughter came to France, accompanying Hannah Field and Elizabeth Barker from America. Josiah Forster and Daniel Hanbury were also of the party, and they brought with them my brother George, who had gone to England three years before. William Allen and his daughter Mary took much interest in the school. They re-organised it and introduced the Borough Road lessons. These were pasted on boards, and Mary Allen, with Daniel Hanbury, laboured hard to do them. I considered it a great privilege, to be allowed to help, my mind being at that time very seriously impressed with the kindness of these Friends coming so far to visit us, and to toil as they did to do us good. I was forming good resolutions for my future conduct in the school, when it was suddenly concluded that I was to accompany them to England, William Allen having offered to take me, as I thought, to be with Priscilla Gurney, but I believe now that he intended to place me at

some school. My delight was so great that during all the preparations, which were heart-rending to my poor mother, I continued cheerful and buoyant, increasing the distress of my most tender parents, whom I, however, ardently loved; but I was full of pleasing anticipations of the many places I should see, and particularly of the great delight of riding *all* day in the handsome English coach William Allen had brought; the like of which I had then not beheld. My spirits kept good to the last. Child-like, or at least French child-like, the *present* pleasure prevented me from at all realising the pain I should feel at parting from those who were most dear to me, and in finding myself entirely thrown among strangers, whose language I did not understand, and whose habits and manners were totally different from what I had been accustomed to. The Friends left Congenies on the 25th of Seventh Month, 1817, for Montpellier. William Allen thus notices their departure:—"Many tears were shed by these poor affectionate people. L. and M. Majolier have agreed to let their little daughter Christine go with us to England." I did not leave Congenies with them; but two days after, my father and mother took me to Montpellier; and it was not till I actually stepped into the carriage, and saw my dear parents endeavouring in vain to conceal their emotion, that the reality of my situation presented itself. I saw what I was doing. The thought that I might never see those beloved ones again rushed into my mind. I remembered the anxious entreaties of my beloved mother, repeated only the night before, that if I would tell her that I

felt the least misgiving on the subject there was yet time to retreat. In, as it were, the twinkling of an eye, everything that might have been brought forward against my thus venturing on a thoroughly unknown path came before my view, and my heart sank within me when I thought of my mother's distress. As the carriage drove off I wept aloud, entreating my kind, but untried, friends to allow me to get out of the carriage; I knew I could find my way back if they would. The first day of this long journey was one I can never forget. I had no pleasure in seeing the towns and villages, nor in riding in the beautiful carriage; my friends, though truly kind to me, spoke to one another in a language I did not understand, and I had no peace till I had cried myself to sleep. Many such days, though, perhaps, with a little decreasing sorrow, did I pass during this memorable journey, which had such an important bearing on my future life; and I have often thought what an exercise of patience it must have been for my friends, and particularly for dear Mary Allen, who had the chief charge of me. But through all I had a grateful sense of their kindness, and my sense of loneliness made me cling to them, and particularly to this sweet devoted creature, and I repaid her with love. The American Friends did not speak French, but Hannah Field was very warm-hearted and kind, and as she nursed me on her knee, both in the carriage and at other times, I felt there was a language of the heart which needed no words. I had learned a few words of English before I left home, and on the journey I added perhaps half-a-dozen more to my

little stock. D. B. Hanbury was particularly kind to me in talking French; and I was very fond of riding with him outside. On one occasion I heard the two postilions speaking the *patois* of our country. I was delighted, and soon entered into conversation with them, and it was a trial to part with them at the end of the stage, and glad should I have been if I could have gone back with them. The only thing which made me try to make the best of my position was the consideration that I should be in the way of improvement, and particularly that I should learn to be *good;* for I often felt desires after what I considered true excellence in every respect. But I was very volatile, and had often to feel that I did not succeed in *becoming* what I thought was to be attained to by my own efforts. We travelled on the west side of France, and visited many places I have not seen since, proceeding from Montpellier, Béziers, and Carcassonne, by way of Montauban, at which place I first became acquainted with my long-esteemed friend Emilien Frossard. He and his sisters called to see the Friends at the inn. He was then a young man about seventeen years of age. Thence by Bordeaux, Agen, Poitiers, Tours, Versailles, and so to Paris. When I was not too much absorbed by the recollection of all I had left behind I enjoyed the travelling, and I have now as vivid a recollection of many of the incidents that occurred and of the variety that I saw, as of any journey I have taken since.

We arrived in England in the Eighth Month, 1817, and landed at Dover. At this distance of time I can

look back with a very vivid recollection of the impressions I had at finding myself a stranger in a strange land. A most forlorn little thing, unable to sympathise with anything around me. I was fond of play, and yet the first children I saw increased my feeling of loneliness, for I could not understand them. I was taken to the house of our friends Thomas and Elizabeth Beck, and their two daughters, Deborah and Eliza—who were living with their grandfather, John Lister, at Stoke Newington—became my playmates. The first English words I learnt in England were "*How much?*" at the turnpikes.

William Allen and his family at that time passed half the week at Plough Court, in the city, and the other half at Stoke Newington. At the latter place William Allen's second wife, Charlotte Allen, had, previously to her marriage, resided with her sister, Anna Hanbury, who continued to form part of the family; the establishment at Newington being under her control. The family there consisted of William Allen, his daughter Mary, Anna Hanbury, and Daniel and Cornelius Hanbury. I cannot sufficiently express the kindness which they all showed me; and yet, at first, I was certainly unhappy,—unaccustomed to the usages of polished society, lively and fond of romping play,—my life was now one of constant constraint; and as Anna Hanbury was unused to children, and very anxious to make me all that could be desired, I was constantly an object of attention, and my little faults were never overlooked. This often excited wrong tempers, and I believe I was often very troublesome

to my kind care-takers. Dear Mary Allen most disinterestedly gave up the greater part of her time to my studies, of which I now became very fond, and I was most affectionately attached to her. The little troubles I had, were inseparable from the position in which I was placed, which may be better understood than I can describe.

Soon after I arrived in England, William Allen received into his family Emilien Frossard, from Montauban, and thus strengthened an acquaintance which has afforded me comfort through life. He was rather older than myself, of a lively and amiable disposition, and as neither he nor I could speak English, we had much pleasure in each other's society, and I often got into disgrace with Aunt Anna (as I called Anna Hanbury), for going to Emilien Frossard's room to have a chat with my lively countryman.

This was a period in William Allen's life in which his time was much occupied; the days were spent in Plough Court. First-, Second-, Third-, and part of Fourth-days days were taken up by meetings, many of which were held at Plough Court. I had thus an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the leading philanthropic characters of the day, who very kindly took notice of me; "the little French girl" was the name I generally went by, though William Allen himself used to call me "Criss," and I called him "Father." Being lively and good-tempered I now became a plaything in the family, and was reconciled to my new position as soon as I could understand a little English; indeed I was very happy, for I enjoyed my lessons, and my attachment to my kind caretaker was

most warm and affectionate, and, as far as I can judge at this distance of time, her management of me must have been judicious and wise, as she insensibly made me like all that *she* considered excellent. I have never known, as far as I am able to judge, a more humble and self-denying Christian than she was, and I desire that the effect of her pious example may never pass from my memory, nor her deep concern for my good every way, from my heart. To her and to her beloved father I owe much. Indeed what do I not owe them, under a kind Providence!

Nothing very particular occurred during the first year of my being in England; I was kept diligently at my lessons and soon acquired a knowledge of the English language, which I was able to speak fluently before the end of that first year. In 1818 I attended the Yearly Meeting, and was able to understand a great deal that passed, as far as the knowledge of English went. I was much interested, and enjoyed the meetings, but I think it was a good deal on account of the notice that was taken of me, "the little French girl," by the good Friends, such as Mary Proud, Mary Alexander, Rebecca Byrd, Ann Crowley, Mary Stacey, and Mary and Elizabeth Dudley. The latter were particularly kind; they were the more interested about me, as Mary Dudley had been in France and was well acquainted with my father. Both Hannah Field and Stephen Grellet were in attendance at the Yearly Meeting. My usual seat was a hassock on the gallery steps, and there I stood when the meeting broke up, ready and desirous for the pat and the kiss of those

whom I thought so eminently good, and for whom I had a sort of veneration which I cannot describe. During this year I became acquainted with Elizabeth Fry; she used then to be sometimes at Mildred's Court and to attend Gracechurch Street Meeting. I was perfectly charmed with her; she was so kind, so considerate, so playful with children, so condescending, and so dignified at the same time, that I shall never forget the impression she made upon me. The meeting at Gracechurch Street was then very large; on First-day morning the body of the meeting-house was quite full.* The Friends that sat in the gallery were William Allen and Thomas and Rebecca Christy, Ann Capper, Mary Savory, Dorcas Coventry, Rebecca Christy, Elizabeth Fry (and part of the time Katherine Capper, now Backhouse, and Mary Sanderson, afterwards Mary Fox). At that time I think there were many more religious visits from Friends than we have now. I remember thinking what interesting meetings we had when strangers came. Mary and Elizabeth Dudley used frequently to come; they then lived in Nelson Square, in the Borough. The ministry of the former had a powerful effect on my mind, though I do not now remember whether it was the words used or the manner. She was a tall, dignified woman, elegant in form, with a fine open countenance, expressive of great benignity and power of mind; her voice was commanding and yet soft, much exempt

* This it will be remembered was before the establishment of the Meeting at Stoke Newington.

from tone, except towards the end. The few last sentences were uttered in a melodious voice which seemed to go to the heart; but no preaching that I remember had so much effect upon me as Elizabeth Fry's and, a little later, Sylvanus Fox's.

In the Eighth Month, 1818, William Allen undertook his long journey with Stephen Grellet in Norway, Sweden, Russia, Greece, &c., so that there was less variety in the manner of spending our time, and his daughter Mary was more at liberty to attend to me. Most assiduously did she pursue the task, and now that I could understand English, I took pleasure in my learning. She often turned my attention to that which was good, and she used to read the Bible to me after I went to bed.

In 1820 William Allen returned home. The part of the week which was spent at Plough Court was very amusing to me by its bustle. Many strangers came there, both English and foreign, and I was delighted to do little errands for the different committees, such as fetching pens, ink, or paper, from the counting-house. I remember, as often being at Plough Court, Joseph Foster (of Bromley), Michael Gibbs, and sometimes Robert Owen, T. F. Buxton, Samuel Hoare, and William Crawford; besides these the Committees on Capital Punishment, and for the Improvement of Prisons, used to meet there. Elizabeth Fry used also to come, and Joseph John Gurney, the latter of whom I saw for the first time when he attended Gracechurch Street Meeting, about a year after I came to England. He sat at the end seat of the first cross form, and both preached and supplicated. I

was very much struck with him. His fine person, his beautiful dark, glossy hair, his intelligent, benign, and truly amiable countenance, made a deep impression upon me. And as he noticed me most kindly as I was introduced to him by Elizabeth Fry, as the little girl his sister Priscilla wanted to bring to England, I felt myself greatly honoured. Now that many of those whom I then loved are no more, I like to remember the first impression I received respecting them. And this first remembrance of one whom I have loved through life, and from whom I have received so many marks of interest and affection, is very pleasant. I have also a very sweet remembrance of Mary and Elizabeth Dudley, and Martha Savory I became acquainted with at this time. William Allen's time was much occupied with his lectures. I took great interest in some of the experiments, and often have we (his daughter and myself) been out with him, on a cold night, to look at the moon and stars through the telescope. It was a great delight to me to be allowed to go with him to his observatory to count the seconds of his clock as he observed the passage of the stars through his circular instrument, by which he took the time. His life was one of continual engagements; he rose early and lighted his own fire. The early hours were generally devoted to his correspondence, and during the time he was shaving, &c., his daughter used to read to him in Latin from Livy, and immediately after breakfast he would hear his sister, Anna Hanbury, read French—he seemed literally to have time for everything. The affairs of the British and Foreign School Society

occupied a large portion of his time, and he had much correspondence with France on the subject of the schools he had been the means of establishing.

It was during the year 1820 that my father came to the Yearly Meeting with the intention of taking me back with him; and soon after the Yearly Meeting was over I began to prepare for my departure. Many of my friends came to take leave of me, and brought me little keepsakes, principally books, all of which I have to this day. I felt more than I could well express, and I scarcely ventured to think of all I was leaving behind. I endeavoured to look forward to everything which would give me pleasure; seeing my beloved mother again, my brothers, and sisters—the pleasant home of my childish days; yet I think that which gave me the most delight, was the prospect of unpacking my trunk and displaying my many treasures. Never shall I forget those last days of preparation for the journey.

A day or two before the final parting M. and E. Sanderson, who had been most kind to me, and whom I often used to visit, came to take leave of me. There was a religious opportunity, during which Mary Sanderson engaged in supplication for me, and committed me to the care and keeping of my Heavenly Father. R. Christy affectionately addressed me. My heart seemed almost ready to burst at the time, but the effect was helpful to me, as I think it enabled me to look to the parting with more calmness, desiring to act with conformity to the Divine will.

About the middle of the Sixth Month, 1820, we

left London by the coach for Dover. William Pryor went with us to Paris. I knew very little of him, and yet I was pleased I was not leaving everything that was English. We stayed a few days there, as my father had business to transact, and I was a little diverted from my trouble at parting, by being William Pryor's guide and interpreter.

At Paris we parted, and my dear father and I pursued our journey south by *diligence;* a long journey then it was. My father was most affectionately kind, and I was amused by many incidents of the journey, and particularly by the people being unwilling to believe that I was French. One man tried to persuade my father that his daughter must have been exchanged for another, for it was impossible that I could have had no knowledge of English only three years before.

On this journey an incident happened which I have all my life looked upon with serious feelings, and I hope with gratitude. From Lyons we went by the Rhone in a large boat which they called "Le Coche;" it was before steam navigation, and the accommodation was very bad. The boat went only by the force of the current; it was bound for Avignon, but some of the passengers, who, like ourselves, were going to Nîmes, desired to be put in a small boat to be landed at St. Esprit, just below the bridge, as by that means we saved time and distance. There were six of us in the boat, besides the luggage, and two strong men at the oars; altogether more than was prudent for the size of the boat and the strength of our men, considering the force of the current of that rapid stream, just then at its

greatest height from the melted snows of Switzerland. We passed under the old bridge, and were frightfully tossed, so that I feared we should have been engulfed by the larger boat; we were at last set loose, and our men rowed hard to stem the torrent, and make for the shore. For a time they seemed to toil in vain, the resistance was so great that our boat turned round three times. Our boatmen made a sign that we should be perfectly still. I pressed close to my father, he clasped me in his arms. I looked in his face and saw in it the marks of deep anxiety, but calmness. I endeavoured to compose my thoughts. Not a word was spoken, though I believe the struggle as between life or death lasted five or ten minutes. Our boatmen were pale with terror, large drops of perspiration stood upon their foreheads, while the people were fast collecting on shore, to witness the sinking of the boat. I could scarcely bear to see their agitated look; never before or since have I felt so near the confines of eternity. After awhile, however, the eddy was stemmed, and we all began to breathe; my father then shed a few tears, and so did I, but our hearts were too full to say much. The people on the shore shouted at our approach, and received us with joy, many of them embracing us, saying that they never witnessed so narrow an escape; and they as well as the boatmen considered that it was partly owing to the quietness that had been preserved by all; this I think was greatly promoted by the remarkable composure which attended my dear father, and which seemed to be communicated to the whole of our little company. I have heard my father often say that

he had no idea but that we should be engulfed, and he was evidently engaged in prayer. This preservation made a deep impression on my mind at the time, and I have never forgotten it. The circumstances of the case can be best understood by those who know the place, the rapidity of the Rhone, and the swell there is just above the bridge of St. Esprit when the river is high.

When we arrived at Nîmes, I could not but be struck with the changed appearance of everything; the roads and the streets looked narrower, the buildings lower and more insignificant than when I had last seen them, they scarcely seemed the same, for now my scale of comparison was wholly changed. I felt very anxious to get to Congenies, and as we drove from Nîmes every object that met my eye was recognised, but diminished in size and beauty; however the drive was one of uncommon pleasure and throbbing emotion. My dear mother was overjoyed to see me; she would scarcely have known me, so grown and altered was I. The whole of the village was in commotion at the arrival of "little Christine," and I should think that more than a hundred persons visited us. The next day it was the same, and the next; and a few days after I had to go round, and return the visits of the most respectable of the neighbours and friends. This, irksome as it was, kept up a sort of excitement, that prevented my fretting much after those that I had left. I had much pleasure in seeing my dear mother again, my brothers and sisters, relations and friends, who were all very kind to me; but after the first few weeks of novelty and

excitement, I began to feel how thoroughly I was unfitted for those pursuits in which I had before taken pleasure, and which occupied those by whom I was surrounded. I own I was a little flat at times. My dear mother had made up a nice bed for me in a large room in which my sisters, Elizabeth and Lydie, slept; but on my intimating that I should like to have a room to myself, a little room which was over the staircase was given up to me, and I had the great pleasure of fitting it up, and furnishing it according to my fancy. I mention this to show how ready my dear parents were to do all in their power to make my return to them agreeable; and for all this none of my brothers or sisters ever evinced the least jealousy, but all endeavoured to do their part in adding to my comfort.

Soon after my arrival at home, Samuel Cousins, of Guernsey, who had been an inmate in my father's house some time before, again formed part of our family. He was an interesting young man, of a most romantic mind, and he and my brother Christophe, who then kept the school, spent much time in attending to the little garden in front of the house, and I found I could join them in many of their pursuits. But other English Friends came to reside amongst us, and my home was altogether a very happy one. Priscilla Scales first, and then Martha Savory, and Christiana Price spent many months at Congenies and the neighbourhood, and they often asked me to visit them.

But the circumstance which added the most to my comfort at this time was the residence of James and

Elizabeth Charleton, with their three sons, Robert, James, and Edward, in a part of my father's house which was fitted up for them; they came some time after the other Friends. They requested me to give their sons lessons in French, &c. This was a very nice occupation for me. It helped me to keep up what I had learned, and supplied me with money, so that I was able to buy my own clothes. I have often looked upon this circumstance as peculiarly favourable to me, proving that there has been in a striking manner a *providing*, as well as a *protecting* care over me in the different stages of my life. But, though this is the sense that now attends me, and has often attended me since; so as to raise in my heart a feeling of gratitude to the Lord for His preserving mercy, yet on looking back to the time, I feel constrained to acknowledge, that this was not the feeling of my heart at that period. It was rather a time of lukewarmness and indifference, in which various temptations were presented to my mind, some of which I fell into; and had not again a rescuing power been manifested on my behalf, I might have been altogether led astray. How can I sufficiently magnify the name of the Lord for His marvellous love!

My situation again fostered that pride and love of approbation from which I had before suffered. I was very fond of the society of those who flattered me, but still I was fond of good people, and I tried to *make myself good*. I read good books, and I struggled hard against that which was considered wrong, and at times I thought I had the victory and felt a degree of comfort; but I made but little, if any, progress. I had

not a clear view of the Gospel, I had not come to the sense of my need of a Saviour, to the necessity of knowing that my sins were forgiven for His name's sake, and therefore my religion was not of the heart. I needed the experience of the love of Jesus, through whom we become reconciled to God whom we have offended, and whom we can love only because He has first loved us. This description may answer for much of my life between the ages of sixteen and twenty-four. But through all I was not forsaken, and a desire to be preserved from openly offending my Heavenly Father was maintained in my soul, and as far as I knew my Saviour, I desired to confess Him amongst men. Our friend Priscilla Scales was a minister, and she was the first person for whom I interpreted. About this time I had to perform the same office for Martha Savory, and once or twice for Deborah Stephenson, who paid us a short visit, being in the South with her sister on account of her health. Thus early was I brought into that engagement which has afforded me so much satisfaction during so great a part of my life.

I remained at home from Sixth Month, 1820, to Tenth Month, 1822. It was a favoured time for the little Church under our name in France, for we had the company almost all that period, and after I left, of the Friends I have mentioned. The Society numbered more then than it does now. The diminution has been chiefly from the death of several promising young people, and of many valuable members in the prime of life; but several causes have operated, and still operate, against the increase by convincements. First,

the want of a real concern for religion in many of the members of the body; and, secondly, the strong prejudice which obtains in a population whose ancestors suffered so much from persecution, against changing the religion of their fathers; for it is only from the Protestants that these "convincements" can be expected.

CHAPTER IV.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY CONTINUED.

Life in the South of France—Second visit to England—Interesting time on the way with the "Beguins" at St. Etienne.

THE mode of living in the villages in the South of France has many charms for those who love simplicity and ease, and who are imbued with the poetry of primitive life. It approaches more to having all things in common than anything I know. You can go in and out of each other's houses without the least restraint. If one person has fruit, the other partakes of it. It is a constant interchange of kind offices, which is little understood elsewhere. All sorts of implements for domestic use or for agriculture—even looms—are constantly lent and borrowed; and it not unfrequently happens, rather inconveniently sometimes, that things are taken without ceremony and without leave: and although a person who has been accustomed to highly civilised life may feel the want of refinement, and of intellectual society, yet there is so much of real kindness, of devotedness in affliction, and of readiness to oblige, that there is not a little to give up when an exchange is made for a life more artificial and refined. This I was soon to feel. I had been more than two years settled at Congenies, and had but little idea of again leaving it, when an invitation was sent for me from William Allen.

Since I had left England my dear friend Mary Allen had been united in marriage to Cornelius Hanbury; and although she was still much with her father, other claims deprived him of her help in many ways, and he was in want of some one, as far as possible to take the place of his daughter. From our first acquaintance I had called him my English father, and it was very natural that I should be thought of. The invitation was, however, at first only for a year. It was thus easier for my dear parents again to part with me, and for me to leave them. I knew, as I thought, what I was going to, but I felt deeply the approaching separation, and was at times almost ready to flinch from it. Many were the tears I shed, and great the struggle of conflicting feelings which I had to pass through. My dear father, however, encouraged me, and the attractions I had in England were great. Little did I then foresee how much it involved. It is well for us that the future is hidden from us; otherwise how could beings such as we are, take a single step? Martha Savory (afterwards Yeardley) was then on the point of returning to England, after a residence of nearly a year at Congenies. My dear father had for some time wished to visit a company of serious persons, who resided at and near St. Etienne, in the Department de la Loire; a sect who were called "Beguins," who had separated from the Roman Catholics. They had for many years existed in the neighbourhood of that place, where no Protestants resided. They were accustomed to the reading of the Bible, which they held in high veneration; and were distinguished by a great hatred of priestcraft, and by a feeling of equality and fraternity

among themselves—but they had no form of public worship. About the time of which I am writing, some individuals amongst them had been brought to clearer views of the Gospel than those who surrounded them. It was these interesting persons that my father wished to visit, and Martha Savory feeling the same desire, it was decided that they should go on her way to England. I was therefore of the party; Elizabeth Charleton also; and Priscilla Scales, who had some months before left France for England, again returned, and met us at Lyons, to which place we went by *diligence*, and from thence we set off together in a bad carriage, and after a fatiguing ride of many hours, over a rough mountainous road, a distance, I believe, of only thirty English miles, we arrived at St. Etienne—the Sheffield of France; not, however, nearly so important then as it is now. This was really a missionary adventure, and although I was young, and as it were accidentally of the party, I was deeply interested, and shall never forget the impressions I then received. We first went to the inn, and the next day drove to St. Jean de Bonne Faud, a mining village, in the neighbourhood of which J. T. Price had set up a steam-engine—the first I ever saw. My father acquainted them with the intention of himself and the Friends to settle down for a little time amongst them, for the purpose of becoming acquainted with them, and of having some religious intercourse together. This information was received with joy; and finding that most of those they wished to see resided in that neighbourhood, it was concluded to hire a furnished house, which was

then vacant, and to remove our luggage to it. I took the post of housekeeper and provider. My time was a good deal occupied, so that I felt that I was of some use in this mission of love.

I had time, however, to accompany the Friends in some of their visits to these simple people, many of whom had strange notions, it is true, and had much that was visionary in their manner of comprehending the Gospel, while, however, there were many simple, believing Christians.

There was in the house where we lodged a large room which was used as a place of meeting, and almost every day large companies congregated, and meetings were held, in which much was communicated by my dear father, Martha Savory, and sometimes by Priscilla Scales, for the latter of whom I interpreted.

I shall never forget the interest which was excited amongst the people, nor how eagerly they came to the meetings. We stayed two or three weeks with them, and they seemed quite prepared to hold meetings after the manner of Friends; that is, those who had been enlightened to see the simplicity and spirituality of the Gospel. A meeting was then established, and held for a considerable time at St. Etienne; and at other places they met in their own homes. They were in regular communication with my father, and I believe he visited them more than once. I have several letters in my possession from my father to Pierre Brossi, one of their number, and an epistle to the company, written a short time after we were there, bearing the date 5th of Fourth Month, 1824.

On leaving St. Etienne my father accompanied

Martha Yeardley and myself from Lyons to Macon by the boat, and here we parted, my father returning home. We proceeded to Chalons by boat, and thence by *diligence* to Paris. Here we were detained some time before I could obtain a passport. After going from one office to another for three or four days without success, we found that the difficulty arose from a suspicion that I was running away without my parents' consent, and that both Martha Savory and I were disguised. (These were the days of the Bourbons under the Restoration.)

When the difficulty was at last surmounted the season was far advanced for such a journey. The weather was very rough, and when we arrived at Calais we found that the packets had not gone for several days, and that it was doubtful when the next would leave. It was, in fact, two days before we embarked. The packet boat was named the *Arrow*. It was crowded with passengers; we could not find a place downstairs and had to stay on deck in heavy rain. The weather, which seemed calm when we left, soon became very stormy; the wind rose and tossed our little bark in a way that I had not before witnessed, nor have I since. It seemed at times as though it would either break to pieces or be swallowed by the next wave. For a little time I admired the grandeur of the scene, as our vessel plunged, as though it could never rise again, and then rode on the wave as if it had been a piece of cork; but soon I became so ill that I was quite overpowered. The passengers were lashed to the masts, and the men who worked the ship were tied with ropes. It was a

steamer, but the engine was stopped. At first we felt our awful situation. My companion was very ill and yet she could play on the name of our vessel, saying to me—"Oh, my poor Christine, our '*arrow*' is not rightly shot." Soon I became so overpowered with sea-sickness, so wet and cold with the dashing of the waves which frequently went over our heads, that I almost lost all sensation of fear. We were both carried down and laid on the cabin floor, and I believe I should not have cared if I had been thrown overboard. We were in very great danger of being dashed on the English shore, and though bound for Dover could not land there, and had to go to Ramsgate. Our friends, the Horsnaills, who expected us, were on the shore witnessing with the greatest anxiety the distress of the vessel without being able to give any assistance; however, after beating about for ten hours, we safely entered the harbour of Ramsgate. It was late at night, rainy and dark, and we had no one there to meet us; and it was midnight before we could take off our wet clothes. We had to wait two hours at the Custom-house, but we felt thankful that our lives had been preserved, with those of the many who were with us. Next day we went to Dover, as we were expected there, and thence to London.

NOTE AS TO THE "BEGUINS."—It would be an interesting subject of inquiry whether these persons were connected with the "*Beguins*" of the Middle Ages, who appear to have been numerous in the South of France. (*See* Gieseler's Text Book of Ecclesiastical History, vol. ii., p. 305, and vol. iii., pp. 91, 92; also Limborch's History of the Inquisition, pp. 103-110.)

CHAPTER V.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY CONTINUED.

Life with Mary Hanbury—Her illness and death.

I COME now to an important time of my life. When I first came to England I was a mere child, looked upon as such by the whole family; now, though only two years and a half had elapsed, I was to take the charge of William Allen's family as regarded the establishment at Newington. Anna Hanbury was in feeble health and could have no responsibility upon her. The charge would have been heavy indeed, had not dear Mary Hanbury been likely to pass part of her time at Newington, and be always ready to advise me, and to take the serious responsibility. I arrived at Plough Court about the end of the Eleventh Month, 1822. William Allen was then on the Continent with Daniel Hanbury, whither he had gone to attend the Congress of the Sovereigns at Verona; but they returned home about a month after.

In her journal Christine Majolier writes:

First Month 29th, 1823.—I hope I am thankful for my return to England. I have often thought lately that the opening was rather remarkable, as no one knows but myself the temptations I was under, and it has seemed to me, as if I saw the hand of a kind

interposing Providence. How loudly does this call for thankfulness on my part! I have been astonished in considering how remarkably way has been made for me, but I feel thoroughly unworthy of it. My desire has been of late, and particularly to-day, that I might fully surrender my will and myself into the hands of Him who careth for us, even when we may be wandering far from Him, as has been my case.

Second Month 9th, 1823, *First-day*.—Went to Devonshire-house Meeting. Elizabeth Fry was there, and spoke beautifully. William Allen also, as well as dearest Mary. I thought what she said was very sweet. I was, I hope, favoured with a little feeling of good this morning, but I did not keep enough under it. I was very much impressed during the meeting with the necessity of watchfulness and a fear of being lukewarm. May I more and more seek for help and direction, for it is those only who seek who can expect to find; but there is a danger of my being too active and seeking in my own will and way, and of relying on my own strength. I earnestly desire to be preserved from it, seeing that of ourselves we can do nothing.

To return to the Autobiography:

The house at Plough Court looked very different from what it did when I was there before. The two parlours, which had been more like committee rooms, were refurnished and looked very comfortable. My beloved friend, Mary Hanbury, as the wife of Cornelius Hanbury, was now the mistress of it. I cannot describe the sensation I had when I found myself in

the same place, with everything about me so altered, and, as it were, so changed *myself*. Soon, however, I felt the greatest pleasure at being again with my beloved Mary: changed in some respects she was, but more angelic if possible. There was less constraint about her and more true enjoyment; she seemed set free from some of the bonds which had been about her; she was much less held by little things, and had more true joy and peace in believing; this she acknowledged to me more than once. She received me, not as her little pupil, but as her friend and sister; and in every respect she treated me as such. She installed me at Stoke Newington, telling the servants that she was no longer the mistress of that family, the care of which was to devolve on me.

The few months which were thus spent were a period of true enjoyment. Seldom have I seen one who looked forward with more pleasure to the prospect of becoming a mother. Once or twice only did she allude to the subject with any degree of apprehension as to the result. She said that the circumstance of her mother having died soon after her own birth had made her father anxious respecting her; "but," she added," I do not feel anxious; the result is in better hands than our own, and I do not see why I should not do very well; but should it be otherwise, and should it be the Divine will that I should leave a helpless infant behind me, I shall leave it to *thee*." She said this with some emotion. I believe it was at the same time that she added, "But, my dear, should I live to have ten children thou wilt always seem like the eldest." And bright indeed were the prospects of

future happiness which she seemed to have; too bright, it often appeared to me, to be natural. Thus truly was her path smoothed to the tomb; her work was accomplished, and there was nothing to sadden the few months that it was my privilege to be with her, except now and then, when the thought came over me that possibly she might not be long with us. She left to my taste and judgment all the necessary preparations, and often said, "Now that thou art here I have no more anxiety." My home was now at Stoke Newington, but my dearest Mary spent a good deal of time there.

William Allen went regularly to town directly after breakfast, and returned to a 3 o'clock dinner, often bringing company with him. The afternoon he spent in his study, writing letters, &c. The letters which he wished to write to France I translated for him; but he always copied them afterwards himself, and he would send the English also. For anything of importance he used the oiled and black paper, so as to produce two copies at a time. He was very neat in all he did.

But I must return to my dear Mary. We spent much time together while her husband and her father were otherwise engaged; and never shall I forget the loveliness of her character, more than ever evinced during the last few months of her life. It seemed all through a season of happiness, and often of playful cheerfulness, beyond what I had thought she was capable of. Her countenance, which was always sweet and interesting, but which was previously sometimes marked with a degree of gravity which seemed unnatural in one so young, had now assumed a cheerful and

heavenly aspect, which, as I sometimes watched her, unobserved, thrilled me with a sensation which I cannot describe, under the impression that such sweetness scarcely belonged to earth; and yet her health was so good that I could not encourage the thought, that in a few short weeks we should all be plunged in the deepest sorrow. Her attentions to her father were most assiduous and tender. When I was in England before, he was often weighed down by sorrow at the loss of his wife, who had died at Geneva the previous year. He needed all her sympathy, and she made everything give way to his wishes. The moment she heard his footsteps she would leave whatever she was doing to run with a sweet, smiling countenance, to attend upon him; and even those things which were not exactly to her own taste she would do with so much cheerfulness, that he never knew but that she enjoyed them as much as he did; whereas her enjoyment in them was the pure delight of pleasing him. This was the case with her readings from Latin authors, in which she persevered with so much industry. After she married, her circumstances were a little altered, though much less so than might have been expected; and she was always studying how she might contrive to make him feel the change as little as possible; at the same time she was always glad when any opportunity was afforded of my services being substituted for her own; as though she was endeavouring by degrees to wean him from those endearing attentions which were so soon to cease. What the loss of such a child was to such a man, no one can fully appreciate

but those who had the opportunity of knowing his character—so dependent on the little attentions of a tenderly loved object. Not only was she an efficient helper in his every need, but even a wise counsellor in the difficult and important path which he had to tread.

On the 7th of the Fifth Month, 1823, she gave birth to a son. I had accompanied her to Plough Court the day before, and was with her till the evening of the day the dear child was born. William Allen expected company at Stoke Newington, and Anna Hanbury was not in a state to remain long without me, and as my services were more wanted there than at Plough Court, dear Mary cheerfully gave me up, though it was reluctantly that we parted; but she said, "Oh, thou must go, for my dear father wants thee; but come again soon, perhaps the day after to-morrow, when my dear father comes to town. *Farewell, precious!*" That was the term she generally used in addressing me. Little did I think that I then heard her speak for the last time. Very soon after this, fever came on. I came to town, but it was thought best I should not see her, as it was necessary she should be kept very quiet. It was considered advisable that the nurse and the dear child should go to Stoke Newington. That precious treasure was committed to my care when he was only five days old, and then, for the first time, I remembered her words: "If I should leave a helpless infant, I will leave it to thee." Her medical attendant, though aware of her great danger, entertained some hope of her recovery, which seemed to depend on perfect quiet and freedom from

excitement. William Allen promised to take me to see her as soon as this was no longer necessary; but the fatal symptoms came too soon to allow of my seeing her again; and she was so peaceful and quiet, such a heavenly atmosphere pervaded her room, that everything that might have tended at all to disturb it was carefully avoided. When asked by her husband if she was happy, she said, "Yes, very; I have nothing to make me otherwise." No description can give an idea of what I went through, during those few days of agonising anxiety. A report was sent several times in the day, and on the day of her death, the 17th of Fifth Month, the sorrowful intelligence was brought down to me by Peter Bedford. Even now, when nearly thirty years of uncommon vicissitudes of joy and sorrow have passed over my head, I cannot forget the pang of final separation from one so tenderly loved, nor recall without the deepest emotion the worth of my beloved friend; all that I owed her, her uncommon affection for me, the joy of my young and glowing heart, for I believe I loved her more than I did any one else. Neither can I forget the heavenly support which was then mercifully granted to those most nearly concerned—to her dear father and husband; a support which powerfully acted upon me: for how could I give way to useless sorrow when they were meekly endeavouring to bow submissively under the stroke?

William Allen soon came to Stoke Newington; he looked calm, but distressed; and for some time was unable to speak. He then said, with deep emotion, "The last thing she said to me, when I was offering

her a little wine, was, 'No more, dear father, until I go home,' and now," added he, "she is drinking it new in the heavenly kingdom." He could say no more, and we sat silent for a time. He asked after the child and wished to see him, but was much affected.

Dear Rebecca Christy came to Stoke Newington and was affectionately kind to me; she was the particular friend of Mary's mother, and had been like a mother to her, and so she was to me. I felt as though I could never be happy again, and as though my heart would break.

The day of the funeral, which took place at Winchmore Hill, on the 23rd, was a very solemn one to me, never to be forgotten. It being just at the beginning of the Yearly Meeting the attendance was very large; but I was too much absorbed in my own feelings to notice much, besides the touching thanksgiving and prayer of her afflicted parent and bereaved husband. To this William Allen thus alludes in his journal:—"I felt bound to offer my thanksgiving for the belief mercifully granted, that the dear deceased had been admitted into the mansions of rest and peace, and to intercede earnestly on behalf of those young people who stood around the grave, for whom her soul had often travailed, that their steps might be directed in the way of peace, praying that in the end they might unite with her in the everlasting 'Hallelujah.'" Who amongst those present was more strikingly of this class than myself? Often, indeed, had she laboured with me, and I could not doubt had often prayed for me.

I then felt as though I had done nothing for her, though I had loved her with all my heart; and now that every opportunity for evincing my love to her was past for ever, I felt bound to do all I could for the treasure she had left behind, and for the comfort of those she had so tenderly loved.

CHAPTER VI.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY CONTINUED.

Life at Stoke Newington—Wilberforce—Clarkson—Open house for foreigners.

TO find myself at the head of so large a family, with the care of William Allen's aged and infirm sister-in-law devolving partly upon me, as well as that of the precious infant, made me often feel as though I must give up. But in this great extremity help was graciously vouchsafed, and were I to enumerate the many blessings of which I was an unworthy partaker, all would be astonished who read these lines. I trust I was preserved from bringing any reproach on the cause, which was even then most precious to me, though there was a vagueness and obscurity in my religious opinions which greatly impeded my progress in best things. I loved what was good, but I was in a great degree a stranger to that peace which proceeds from a sense of forgiveness of sin, through repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; and of that love, through which by a crucified and risen Lord our ways are established. In short, I did not understand the Gospel as a message of "*glad tidings*." I went heavily on my way, often going backward rather than forward; but through infinite mercy I was never quite left without a desire after better things, and a degree of thankfulness for the many blessings of which I was

a partaker. Rebecca Christy was a faithful and kind friend to me, and a great help in some of my difficulties; and Isabella Harris was also most kind in aiding me with her advice in the charge of the dear infant.

The many subjects of interest which had previously occupied William Allen's mind required close attention; and he entered into them again with activity, though his ardour was somewhat subdued by bitter sorrow. Hannah Kilham's concern for Africa; the British and Foreign Schools; the Greeks; his agricultural experiments; and the establishment of a school for boys in the Lordship Road, Stoke Newington, were the prominent objects. He often had interviews with leading men, in which I frequently went with him, that he might not be alone in his long drives. Sometimes we took the dear child and his nurse, as he became, by degrees, an object of great interest to his grand-father.

Soon after dear Mary's death I became acquainted with William Wilberforce, when he and his wife dined at Stoke Newington for the first time. I was greatly interested and pleased with this remarkable man. His vivacity was such that he seemed unable to speak on any interesting subject without rising from his seat, and before he had finished his speech he would be at the other end of the room. On the day of his visit we walked to the cottages in the Lordship Road, where William Allen was conducting his agricultural experiments. I had the honour of walking with the *great man*, who, however, took little notice of me, but hummed a tune most of the way, except when he wished to say something to William Allen; upon which he would leave me, say what he had to say, and

then almost mechanically offer me his arm, and go on singing his hymn. At the cottages he was weighed in the scale, and though many have had the opportunity of recording the talents of Wilberforce, few have been able to tell his weight; and this, insignificant as it is, may give some idea of his person, and confirm the saying, that the mind is the standard of the man. He weighed, including the 5 lbs. for the iron stays which he wore, 76 lbs.

Thomas Clarkson was, I think, that year in London. I had seen him many times when I was in England before, as he used generally to be at Plough Court during the time of the Yearly Meeting; but I could not then appreciate his character. He then seemed only like an absorbed old man, who was too much taken up with grave concerns to take notice of me, and who seldom spoke to me, unless it was to ask me to do something for him. He was very precise, and always gave his orders in very explicit terms, with a good deal of emphasis: "Now, you French girl, go down into the shop, or into the counting-house, and ask Daniel, or Cornelius, or John Barry, for two or three sheets of paper, one good pen, and two or three wafers." But now as I understood more what and who he was, my attention was directed to him; and I have often enjoyed hearing him relate to a large company the different adventures he had met with in his researches into the evils of the slave-trade and slavery. This he would always do with his head down and his eyes shut, until aroused by the recital of something very atrocious. Then his whole frame would become animated; his countenance, which was not remarkably

striking, would be lighted up, and that noble enthusiasm, which enabled him to go through so much self-denying labour, become visible in every feature, and the indignation of his heart at the wrongs inflicted on his fellow-men would give to his voice a sort of hollow tone, which could but raise the same feelings in his auditors. He was extremely minute and particular in all that he did, generally preferring to wait on himself, and doing everything that required to be well done with his own hands. He never allowed anyone to put his letters into the post when it was possible for him to do it himself. At Plough Court he felt thoroughly at home. There was one room only in which he liked to sleep. It was called the study, over the kitchen, and he had to go up and down to it by a very dark staircase; but he preferred being in his own room. I used to fancy that he went about the house with his eyes shut, for I have often had to get out of his way, so as not to be stumbled over, when I was a child; but this might be because he was very near-sighted. He never used spectacles, and when he read or wrote his nose almost touched the paper. He was tall and large, and always stooped unless he was animated in speaking.

Henry Brougham (afterwards Lord Brougham) used often to be with William Allen, and sometimes came to Stoke Newington to dine. He did not make much impression on me; perhaps because I had not much opportunity of knowing him in private. His person was plain, and until I had heard him as a public speaker there was little about him that I admired It was not so with Wilberforce, Clarkson, T. F. Buxton, or Dr. Lushington.

As my time was necessarily much occupied with domestic affairs, company, &c., I could not be of so much use to William Allen as I should have been, had his dear daughter lived; he therefore took a young man to act for him as secretary, though I still helped him in his foreign correspondence. He used to bring the shop books down to Stoke Newington to post. He seemed to enjoy that almost mechanical employment; and often in fine weather they were carried to him in the summer-house by his faithful "Black Tom," whom he had rescued from slavery; the dear child and his kind attendant going also. We used to spend the afternoon most pleasantly. William Allen liked to be read to while he was resting, and he much enjoyed having his grandson near him.

From her Journal:

1st of Second Month, 1824.—Sometimes I am ready to say, "What shall I do? What will become of me if I remain in my present state?" But there is One who can break the stony heart and save even "to the uttermost;" and this thought sometimes gives me a little hope. But I am afraid of taking up a rest short of the true rest. Oh, may I press after an increase o watchfulness over my words, thoughts and actions. My faith is at a very low ebb; much seems to be wanting to make me what I ought to be.

Referring to the attendance of the Yearly Meeting she writes:

Fifth Month 20th, 1824.—A sweet testimony was read on behalf of our precious Mary. My feelings

were such as it is impossible to describe; it was like opening a wound which was not healed; it renewed every pang. I felt the loss that I and many others had sustained; but I also felt her great gain. I shed tears all the time of the meeting, and yet did not feel distressed. May her sweet example be constantly in my view, and may it please my Heavenly Father to bring me to a nearer acquaintance with Himself, and to give me strength to walk in that narrow way which only brings peace! Oh, for a clean heart! May it please Thee, O Father, to purify it and make it fit for Thyself. I feel that of myself I can do nothing; but to Thee all things are possible.

Autobiography continued:

Susanna Corder's school for girls was established at Stoke Newington about this time. Before they were settled with a master I gave the young people lessons in French; and afterwards had the advantage of taking lessons with the masters employed. This brought me into contact with many whose friendship I have cherished through life.

The establishment of this school was a blessing for me. I much enjoyed the pleasant intercourse with the young people, mostly younger than myself. It was a relaxation for which I was grateful, considering the serious responsibility which rested upon me, as well as the real labour I had to perform.

In the summer of 1824 we formed a German class, William Allen, J. J. Lister, Edward Harris, Cornelius Hanbury, Lucy Bradshaw, and myself. We used to

have the lesson at seven in the morning ; and, with all that William Allen had upon him, it was astonishing how earnest he was and how industriously he laboured. We were some of the first upon whom the Hamiltonian plan was tried. William Allen entered with much interest into all that related to improvement in teaching, and he was very sanguine in everything he undertook.

It was in the summer of the same year that the establishment at Lindfield began. William Allen took me with dear Willie and his nurse, and Charlotte Christy (afterwards the wife of Edmund Ashworth) went with us. We lodged at the Norfolk Hotel, and from thence went to Lindfield. This was my first visit to that place.

William Allen called on many of the inhabitants. He remarks in his journal:—"The people here are half a century behind some other places in intelligence." He had many difficulties and discouragements to contend with, only known to those who were intimately connected with him.

During the period of which I am now writing, William Allen was in what might be called "the strength of his day," and he most zealously gave it to the service of his Master, and to the good of his fellow-creatures. His house, to its full extent and often beyond it, was ever open to receive all the strangers who required his aid and protection; and as memory glances over the scenes of that period I feel bewildered by the motley assemblage which presents itself. I see men of all countries and of all shades of colour; Russians, Germans, Frenchmen, Swedes, Greeks,

Italians, and Spaniards, North American Indians, West Indians, and many of the suffering sons of Africa partaking of that hospitality which he knew so well how to bestow without the least ostentation; very little difference being made between their entertainment and the dinners given to Lord Brougham, Dr. Lushington, Wilberforce, John Smith (of Dale Park), or to Gautier, or Alexander Vinet (of Geneva), or other distinguished foreigners. Many a stranger in a strange land has indeed found in him a true friend. His journeys on the Continent had been the means of his becoming acquainted with a great number of interesting persons, and these often recommended their friends to him, and they ever found an open door. This may give a little insight into the kind of life which I led at Stoke Newington. It was now to undergo a great change; one of those changes which but few have to pass through even once, but which, with some variation of circumstances, have not been unfrequent in my life. Bitter have been some of the draughts which I have had to drink, and yet most gracious has been the Hand which in administering them has still crowned me with blessings, unworthy as I have been.

CHAPTER VII.

William Allen's third marriage—Change in his establishment—Christine Majolier visits her parents, and afterwards returns to England—Closer union with Friends—Journey on the Continent with Thomas and Elizabeth Robson—Visit to the Queen of France and the King and Queen of Wurtemburg—Review of the journey—Increased settlement in her religious views.

THE marriage of William Allen to his third wife, Grizell Birkbeck, in the Third Month, 1827, naturally led to a change in the position of Christine Majolier.

It would be difficult to express (she writes) what I felt when I was called, by this most-beloved friend and adopted father, to render the last service as the female head of his family. This was to break up the establishment at Church Street, to furnish his house at Lindfield, and to dispose of his remaining furniture. William Allen wished that the change should be as little felt by me as possible; and kindly arranged that his dear grandchild, the nurse, and myself should continue in his family.

Soon after this event Christine Majolier paid a visit to her parents at Congenies. Referring to this, she writes:

The sweet affection of my dearest father and mother I most gratefully remember; and the few months then spent amongst those so dear to me have left very

pleasant recollections. I felt, however, that although I enjoyed for a little while the simple rusticity of my native place, and might perhaps after my first stay in England have become reconciled to it for a continuance; yet now I was quite spoilt for it; and I was anxiously looking forward to the future, when I received a letter from William Allen wishing for my return.

One of her brothers accompanied her to Paris. Young as she was, with her religious character not yet fully established, the following incident, which occurred during this journey, may serve to illustrate the variety of influences to which she was exposed. Two gentlemen (their travelling companions in the *diligence*) went with them to the same hotel at Paris, and, being anxious to give Christine Majolier and her brother a treat, proposed to take them to the Thèatre Français. At first Christine Majolier declined to accept the invitation, knowing how much all her friends would disapprove of her going to such a place; but the next day she reluctantly yielded to their earnest solicitations; when, on taking her seat in one of the boxes which the gentlemen had hired, and observing the dissipated looks of those around her, she felt a sort of horror at being in such a place.

I durst not ask to go out (she says), but I was very unhappy. I felt ashamed that anyone should see my Friends' bonnet, so I took it off, and put it under the seat. The dresses, both of the men and women, were

such as I was ashamed to see. Then followed one of the worst of the representations. I shut my eyes and dared not look, and at my solicitation our friends left the place. I have never forgotten the circumstance or my impressions at that time; and I have often felt glad that the scene was of such a description, because my judgment was then quite settled; and though some who are in the practice of attending such places have often tried to persuade me to go, telling me that my judgment was formed on the worst example possible, I have never felt at liberty to do so, persuaded as I am that if those who attend these places are not shocked, it is because they have been led to it by degrees, and that if a woman's modesty can be thus blunted, the influence must be unfavourable on her mind.

On her return to England, Christine Majolier went to reside at Paradise Row, Stoke Newington, where William Allen lived after his marriage, assisting as before in the charge of his little grandson, and in other ways.

Although, as we have seen, Christine Majolier had been connected with the little body of Friends in the South of France, she was not yet in actual membership with Friends in England; and it was not until the latter end of the year 1828 that she thought it right to apply to be admitted into closer religious fellowship with them. In her journal she writes:

Twelfth Month 31*st*, 1828.—I hope that it is with fervent desires that I may be preserved from doing

anything that may dishonour the high profession I am making, that I have at length thought it right to apply to be received as a member of the Society of Friends in this country. Although I feel how much I have come short of what their principles would lead to, I am convinced that they are the principles of truth; and whether Friends think it right to receive me or not, I trust it will always be my desire to be brought nearer and nearer to them.

The application was made at the last Monthly Meeting. The Friends appointed to visit me were Dorcas Coventry, Elizabeth Pryor, and Thomas Beck. We had a comfortable little opportunity, in which I was favoured to feel that the step was not a wrong one; and my present desire is, that it may have the effect of bringing me nearer to what is good. I hope that of late I have felt the subject of my best interest of more importance than at some other times; but I have so often fallen again into a state of indifference, after what appeared to me good impressions, that I am ready to fear.

Fifth Month 6th, 1829.—While I sat at the meeting this morning under a feeling of my insensibility as to the things that belong to my peace, accompanied with a desire to see more clearly what is my best interest, I was comforted with the recollection that the poor blind man who had his eyes opened by our Saviour, at first saw so indistinctly that *men* appeared to him as *trees walking*. Yet this was light; and after a second touch he saw clearly. May I then, if my present feelings are produced by the touch of the heavenly finger, so dwell under them, that in due time

I may have more distinct views of my Heavenly Father, and of His will respecting me. What I fear most of all is, lest I should fall into a state of indifference, and take up a rest short of the true rest.

In allusion to a religious visit from two Friends, Christine Majolier says:

Fifth Month 17th, 1829.—Last Second-day I had my visit. The Friends were led to recommend humility and self-devotedness. Indeed, do I not feel how much this is wanting? Am I not constantly prone to self-exaltation? I am, I hope, thankful in being made to see how little I can do of myself, unable even to suppress an evil desire, or keep down an evil thought.

In 1831 Christine Majolier accompanied Thomas and Elizabeth Robson as interpreter in a religious visit to the South of France and Germany. It was a comparatively new service, in which she had much to learn. She entered upon it with her accustomed ardour, "more," she says, "as if it was to be a journey of pleasure, than one of so serious a character."

They left London for Paris Sixth Month 8th, 1831, and whilst waiting there for arrangements about a carriage, Elizabeth Robson felt that she ought to see the Queen. This brought a great weight upon Christine Majolier, as upon her chiefly devolved the necessary arrangements; but they were most kindly received at the Palace at St.

Cloud, and had an interview of rather more than an hour with the Queen. Christine Majolier writes:

The Queen was standing when we went in, but she most kindly came forward, and, taking Elizabeth Robson's hand, asked us to sit down by her on the sofa. Though my heart had beat a little at the prospect of being ushered into the presence of the wife of my Sovereign, I had no sooner sat down and witnessed her kind, open, and really affectionate manner, than all idea of royalty seemed to vanish, and I could have fancied we were sitting with an old acquaintance.

The Queen asked several questions; whence we came; what was the object of our journey? &c. She speaks English tolerably well. She told Elizabeth Robson that she understood it perfectly, and that she wished her to speak in English. This was a great relief to me. Elizabeth Robson explained that her husband and she were English, but that I was French. She looked surprised, and turning to me said, "O donc vous êtes Française, ma chère." I told her that I was glad to be able to say that I was one of Louis Philippe's subjects; at which she bowed her head and smiled. She then asked me what part of France I came from, and was surprised to find that there were any "Friends" there. She wished to know how many there were, and also what number there were in England. I had in the morning translated Elizabeth Robson's London certificate; and after having explained the order of our discipline in granting certificates to our ministers for any religious engagement, with which she seemed interested, I read it to the

Queen. Soon after she had heard it, she asked Elizabeth Robson in English if she preached. Seeing our friend rather embarrassed, I said that if the Queen would be pleased to sit a few minutes in silence, I thought that Elizabeth Robson might have something to say to her. She immediately complied, and both she and the Marchioness Dolomen (lady-in-waiting to the Queen) sat as if they had been accustomed to receive "family visits." Elizabeth Robson then addressed her at some length.

The Queen heard her with deep attention, and was much affected. Directly Elizabeth Robson had done speaking, the Queen took hold of her hand in both hers and affectionately expressed how much she was obliged to her for her visit, saying she felt that what had been said was true. The Queen then, looking at me, said in French that as she could not satisfactorily to herself express what she had to say in English, she wished I would translate it. Little did I think, when I left England as Elizabeth Robson's interpreter, that my first trial in that office would be for the Queen!

She then concisely commented on all that Elizabeth Robson had said, in the same order as she had heard it, in a manner which quite astonished me. She expressed her accordance with everything; and I translated it sentence by sentence. It was a fearful office, particularly as I knew that she understood all I said. Amongst other things she remarked that everything that had a bearing on religion was precious to her, and that it was her earnest desire to use her influence to promote the glory of God and the advancement of His holy religion on the earth. Alluding to

her present exalted position she very feelingly said: "Je sais que c'est Dieu qui m'a placé où je suis. Je ne le desirais pas. Je sais aussi que c'est lui seul qui peut me soutenir dans cette situation, et m'aider à en remplir tous les devoirs." She then expressed her desire that when the time should come for her to have done with this world it might be a season of joy and not of sorrow. In alluding to what our friend had said respecting the King she said, "Vous avez bien raison; il est un bien honnête homme qui ne désire que ce qui est juste et droit pour son peuple." Referring to the non-observance of the Sabbath the Queen said she considered it a sad thing, but that it was difficult to do anything, except by example; adding, "C'est Dieu seul qui peut changer les cœurs."

After another short pause Elizabeth Robson knelt down and prayed for the King and those in power, for the Queen, and for the Princes and Princesses. When she arose the Queen again thanked her repeatedly, holding her hand in both hers; telling her she should never forget her, requesting her to remember her in her prayers, and very feelingly expressing how much she was obliged to her for remembering her husband and children.

The day after the visit to the Queen they left Paris for the South of France, where they spent about a week at Congenies, visiting the Friends, and holding meetings there, and in the neighbouring towns and villages. They next proceeded to Geneva, where their time was fully occupied in religious work. Amongst other engagements was

a meeting "with some of the serious inhabitants of Geneva," of which Christine Majolier writes:

Seventh Month 29th, 1831.—When we arrived I was surprised to see about 300 people; many persons of influence, and several clergymen. Knowing the state of things with respect to religion at Geneva it looked very formidable to me, especially as I knew I must be the organ of communication should anything be said. We were shown up to the platform, where chairs were provided for us. The girls were made to sing a psalm. It seemed a curious mixture, and, thinking Elizabeth Robson would like a little silence, they were asked to stop; and soon she rose, and spoke for nearly two hours. The communication was striking, and the people were all quiet and attentive. Before the close of the meeting Elizabeth Robson appeared in solemn supplication. Many expressed their satisfaction. Two other meetings at Geneva were held, but they were not nearly so large. We also had an interesting opportunity with the female prisoners in the Maison de la Force.

At Lausanne and Berne they visited the prisons, Elizabeth Robson addressing the prisoners at both places, and at Zurich they had a striking interview with the inmates of the Hospital. Proceeding through Strasburg and Carlsruhe to Stuttgart, Elizabeth Robson thought it right to endeavour to obtain an interview with the King and Queen of Wurtemburg. They had no previous expectation of visiting Stuttgart, and had no letters of intro-

duction. The language spoken was German, and Christine Majolier felt that she could no longer make herself fully understood. "Never," she writes, "did we feel so discouraged in the whole journey as on our arrival here." But way was opened for them; and, through a merchant who had known William Allen, they were able to obtain the wished-for interview.

Ninth Month 3rd, 1831.—At about a quarter before twelve we went to the Palace. Knowing that much responsibility devolved on me, on account of my being the only one who could speak French and German, I felt very anxious, particularly as we had been told that the King did not speak English, and that it was necessary I should speak to him in German. After a little difficulty in making our business known to the servants in waiting, who, owing to our appearance, seemed scarcely to understand it, we were introduced to the King and the Royal family. We were received in the dining-room, where the cloth was laid, I suppose, for luncheon. The King, who was in a blue uniform trimmed with red, was standing near the window. I was going up to him, preparing myself to address him in German; but he very politely came forward, and, taking Elizabeth Robson and myself by the hand, began to speak in French, saying he was very glad to see us. I was, therefore, able to speak to him in my own language, which was a great relief. I told him that my dear friends and myself were very much obliged to him and to the Queen for the leave they had granted us of visiting them, and for the kind manner

in which they had received us; adding that my dear Friends could not speak anything but English, or they would have said as much themselves.

The King then presented us to his wife and his children, saying: "Voici la reine et voici mes enfants," (five in number, four daughters and one son).

The King then said: "You are friends of Mr. Allen's?" I told him that we knew him very well, and that I had lived with him many years. The King and the Queen entered freely into conversation with me on the subject of our journey. As the Princesses spoke English, Elizabeth Robson was conversing with them. I was beginning to fear that she would think I was forgetting the object of our visit; but I was obliged to answer their questions, and it was no easy matter to introduce the other subject. The King, however, opened the way for it, by kindly saying, "If I can be useful to you in anything I shall be very glad to do it." I thanked him, but said that I was not aware there was anything we need trouble him about; that our reason for wishing to be introduced to him was a strong desire for the welfare of himself and the Queen. This had induced my friend to visit them, and I believed that, if they would allow her, she might have something to say to them, which I could translate into French. They both said that though they did not speak it, they understood English sufficiently to render that unnecessary. This was a great relief to me. We all *stood* still for a few minutes; the King was remarkably serious. Elizabeth Robson began with these words, "Grace, mercy and peace be with you, from God the Father, and from our Lord Jesus

Christ." She then addressed them at some length, urging upon them their responsibility in ruling and judging the people; as ministers of God, acting under Him who is the blessed and only Potentate, King of Kings and Lord of Lords." The King and Queen, particularly the former, heard her with deep attention. She then addressed a few words to the Princesses, after which the King, in a very impressive manner, desired me to thank Elizabeth Robson for all the good advice she had given him and his family. Before we separated Elizabeth Robson prayed very impressively for the King, the Royal family and the country, returning thanks also for the many past favours bestowed upon them. We took leave, all affectionately shaking hands with us. The King, having hold of my hand, desired me to give his compliments to William Allen; to which the Queen added, "And give him my compliments also; and tell him we shall be very glad to see him when he comes here."

The Queen told us that her mother, the Grand Duchess Louise, of Wurtemburg, and one of her sisters were in the palace and wished to see us, so we were conducted to their apartments. The Duchess is a very pious, interesting woman; her daughter also is very amiable and pious. We soon entered into interesting conversation, I interpreting, as they did not understand English. The Duchess seemed delighted to meet with those with whom she could talk on religious subjects. She asked us to pray for her, that she might be preserved steadfast in the faith, as she felt that there was no safety but in keeping firm hold of Christ. "And not for me only,"

added she, "but also for those whom the Lord has given me" (taking hold of the hand of her daughter, who was in tears), "in order that I may appear before Him, saying, 'Here am I, with those whom Thou hast given me.'"

In the review of this her first "missionary journey," which proved to herself a time of so much lasting instruction, Christine Majolier writes:

We had many conversations with persons eminent for piety, as well as with others who were ready to bring forward objections. In all these I was Elizabeth Robson's sole interpreter, and I was myself often called upon to defend what, at that time, I but very imperfectly understood. No one knows the deep provings into which I was thus brought. Add to this, that I had the greater part of the care of travelling necessarily devolving upon me, as neither of my friends understood either French or German. But, notwithstanding all, I have since looked upon this journey as one of my greatest blessings, as it led me to a minute scrutiny, not only of my own heart, but also of those doctrines of the Christian religion on which our faith as Christians must rest, and which, till then, I had not thoroughly examined. Deep seriousness attended my mind, and I was led to inquire whether I was prepared to accept the salvation of my soul as a free, unmerited gift; whether I really loved God, because He had first loved me; and whether I felt my sins as indeed a burden, or whether I looked upon them with indifference. It was a time of deep searching of heart, and I took

opportunities of retiring alone in the evening at Plough Court, where we spent the winter of 1831-32. I used to go upstairs into the laundry, which we had fitted up for a schoolroom, and there I poured out my heart before the Lord, desiring to be led in the right way. I studied the Bible, and light seemed to spring on every page. "Scott's Essays on Christianity" were greatly blessed to me; and the one on the Atonement seemed very convincing. I felt much doubt as to whether it would be right for me to remain a Friend; —a doubt which was much increased by a proposal of marriage with a person whom I respected and admired, whom I had met on the Continent. He was the pastor of an extensive parish, and if I was united to him a very wide field of labour lay before me. Nothing seemed more inviting than a life spent in doing good—in bringing souls to the Saviour, whom I felt that I had found. I thought nothing could be too hard for me. I could have gone to the end of the world if I could have felt sure that it was the will of my Heavenly Father. O, then indeed was His love shed abroad in my heart.

My dear friends, William Allen and Cornelius and Elizabeth Hanbury were aware of the consideration which I had before me. They could not take upon themselves to discourage me. Many weeks I was in this state of suspense. I could scarcely bear to leave the society in which I lived, and I hardly knew whether it was right to give up the prospect alluded to. No way, however, seemed to open for me to decide. The subject was first dismissed for a time, and afterwards relinquished by mutual consent. I felt relieved when

this decision was come to, and fully believed that it was a right one; but it was not followed by a full relief as to my remaining among Friends. At this time J. J. Gurney's little work, "The Portable Evidence of Christianity," appeared. I read it with attention, and found it most suited to my need. Its perusal led me to think of those on the Continent who had charged Friends with not holding the doctrines of the Bible in their fulness, and I immediately conceived and executed the idea of translating it into French. Thus was commenced an intercourse with that dearly-loved friend which lasted with great advantage to myself till he died.

I have never begun or gone through a work of any kind with so much satisfaction and spirit; for I felt as though every line would go to convince those who doubted the soundness of our Christian views. This book was the means of fixing me among Friends; and I have ever since been settled in the full belief that the views which have been held by our Society with respect to the immediate guidance of the Holy Spirit, the nature of Christian ministry, and the full end made to outward rites and ceremonies in the new dispensation, are those which are most in accordance with the Scriptures of truth; based as they must ever be on the alone foundation, which is, Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

CHAPTER VIII.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY CONTINUED.

Residence at Lindfield—Illness, and return to France.

IN the spring of 1832, I had a great trial in being obliged to give up the charge of my little pupil; his grandfather thinking it best to send him to school at Stoke Newington. The desire to care for him as long as it should be in my power, and thus to fulfil the wish expressed by his dear mother, had greatly influenced me to remain at my post; but now that he was taken from me, I felt as though I could no longer be of any use to William Allen. I will not attempt to describe what I felt, and the trial to my dear little charge was very great also. On his account and on my own, it was thought best that I should leave Stoke Newington for a few months. I went to Broomfield, near Chelmsford, to my kind friends Thomas and Rebecca Christy, and I had their near sympathy. As William Allen had always said that I should remain with him, I did not like to be the first to propose to leave so kind a friend. It almost seemed as though I was dissatisfied with the position which he was disposed to give me in his family; and yet I had lost, one by one, the objects which had fully occupied my attention, and every interest seemed passed into other hands. Whilst at Broomfield, I had a letter from William Allen, telling me that he was likely to go

on the Continent with Stephen Grellet, and it would be a great relief to him if I could take up my abode at Lindfield, and superintend his concerns there during his absence. There seemed no ground for hesitation, and I left my dear and kind friends at Broomfield with a heavy heart, but determined to do my very best. Under date Sixth Month 8th, 1832, he says in his journal: "I have left dear Christine Majolier in commission." I took up my residence in his house at Gravely, under the care of George Bentley and his wife; she acting for me as servant. I found much to occupy my time. I went every morning and afternoon to the schools, about a mile off, attending also to the printing office, which was worked by the elder boys of the school, under William Eade. The correcting of the proofs was a work of patience indeed, as there were often as many mistakes as words. The schools, were not then on so good a footing as they acquired afterwards; the masters and mistresses were inefficient, and yet I had to keep everything going, and send as fair an account as I could to William Allen.

The summer passed pretty comfortably, as we had now and then visits from Brighton Friends, and I used sometimes to go there to meeting. It was at this time that I experienced so much kindness from my friends, Grover and Susanna Kemp; the latter of whom, with her children, had for some time lodgings at Lindfield. As winter drew on, I felt the loneliness of my abode; but the interest I took in my translation of J. J. Gurney's "Portable Evidence," and in studying Greek (which I had undertaken for the

express purpose of reading the New Testament), together with keeping the accounts, and sending and receiving the weekly despatches to and from London, kept me agreeably occupied; and although some of my friends thought it almost a banishment, I had some real enjoyment. I felt interested also about some of the cottagers. One man I taught to read, to his great delight; and one poor woman I had the opportunity of frequently visiting in her last illness, and enjoyed the privilege of conveying to her mind some religious instruction, which, being blessed by the Spirit, seemed the means of bringing her to a sense of her condition, and of enabling her to rejoice in the assurance of the forgiving mercy and love of her Redeemer. Her name was Elizabeth Wood.

I must not omit to mention the kindness of my dear friends, Banks Farrand and his wife and daughter, who were residing in one of the cottages. The winter of 1832-33, which I spent at Lindfield, was cold and damp. I was now for the first time exposed to the severities of an English climate. In the early part of the winter I took cold; but not considering it of much importance I continued my exertions, notwithstanding the exposure to which my occupations subjected me. With a constant cough, I still went to the schools daily, and stood for hours in the school-rooms and the printing office; took my dinner with S. Farrand by the side of the school fire; returned home to tea through rain, mud, frost, or snow; and spent a great part of the evening in correcting damp proofs from the printing office, which had to be read over a great number of times. For half-an-hour in

the evening I had one or two adult pupils. I afterwards attended to the accounts. It was no wonder that my health gave way, and that a foundation was then laid for the delicacy of chest to which I have ever since been subject. It was, I own, through imprudence on my part, for I am sure William Allen would have been the last person to wish me thus to injure my health; but I was then young, buoyant, and extremely desirous to serve my beloved friend. I had no doubt I should lose my cough in the spring, and I thought I should soon be well again when I had time for a little nursing.

Spring came, and I had no relief. I applied blisters to my chest, but still went to the printing office and read the proofs. At last some of my kind friends, particularly Susanna Kemp, of Brighton, urged me to inform William Allen of the real state I was in. I did so, and left Lindfield for medical advice, expecting to return after the Yearly Meeting to resume my post; but it was ordered otherwise. The means resorted to were ineffectual in removing the cough, and I rapidly lost strength. Serious apprehensions were entertained, and intimated to me by the medical men who were consulted, that my lungs were in a diseased state, and that a return, to my native air, at least for a time, was the only thing from which I could expect relief, so that my life might be preserved a few years longer. It was undesirable to go during the heat of summer, and, moreover, I was too ill to undertake the journey in the usual way—by night travelling in *diligences*. For the present, therefore, I took up my abode with my beloved friends, Cornelius and Elizabeth Hanbury,

who were indeed like a brother and sister to me, and whose sweet children seemed almost as my own. I cannot sufficiently express my sense of the kindness I experienced in my time of need from these loved friends. I was brought to a very low ebb, bodily and mentally. There appeared nothing before me but a life of suffering and uselessness. It seemed as though I could be no other than an object of anxiety and care, either to my friends in England, or to my dear parents. And although I was, as it were, driven to the "stronghold," and was made mercifully sensible at times in my sorrow that the supporting Arm was underneath, yet I had seasons of deep proving, and I may say that I often watered my couch with my tears. I desired to be submissive to the Divine will; but I had not come to that sense of joy and peace in believing, by which alone the yoke becomes easy and the burden light.

It seemed, however, desirable to try a little change; and I wrote to an old friend of my father's, Nathaniel Casens, who was then residing at Southampton, to propose paying him a little visit to try the change of air. He most cordially invited me to come and stay as long as I liked. He lived a little out of the town, in a large airy house; and with his kind welcome, and the motherly care of his housekeeper—Harriet Gavet, of Guernsey—I felt a little revived; but he was an uncommonly serious man, with manners solemn and austere, and though he was extremely kind, I felt very dull, and spent my time alone with but little employment. I took walks by the sea side, my kind friend Harriet Gavet carrying a little camp stool that I might now and then rest; and I went out sometimes

on a donkey. But I seemed to have lost all my elasticity of spirits. I was completely broken down, and could scarcely speak without shedding tears. Here I stayed between two and three weeks, long enough to prove that the sea air was too stimulating. I knew not what my next step was to be, when I very unexpectedly received a letter from my friend Clara Cox, informing me that her husband and herself were going to undertake a journey on the Continent; that she had heard of my indisposition; and that, as they always liked to blend usefulness with pleasure, they would take me home if I could meet them in Paris, as she had heard of my circumstances too late to enable me to fall in with their plans for leaving London.

Thus was a way opened in a remarkable manner, where, indeed, I could see none, and a renewed hope was raised in my heart that I was not forgotten by my Heavenly Father, though I did not at the time sufficiently feel that this signal deliverance came from Him. In the retrospect of those days of trial my heart is now humbled in the remembrance of the lukewarmness and indifference which had come over me, when my Heavenly Father had been pleased to withdraw some of His blessings. How often do we look upon these blessings as our own, enjoying them without gratitude, and murmuring when they are withdrawn!

With a little fresh courage I left Southampton and my kind friends, and spent a few days at Stoke Newington, in active preparation for the journey. The short notice was a blessing to me. It left me but little

time to reflect on having to part with many so dear to me, as I thought for the last time; and yet the remembrance of what I then felt, as I had to make the necessary preparations for that journey, affects me now, even to tears. My brother George accompanied me to Paris; where I joined my kind friends R. C. and Clara Cox and their travelling companions, William Daniel, the water-colour painter, and his widowed daughter Sophia Gent. R. C. Cox had two travelling carriages; and I was provided with the very best accommodation and the kindest nursing the whole of the journey, which occupied about a month; as we stopped at most of the principal places on the road. My health improved a little during the journey, and I enjoyed the change of scene.

On my arrival amongst my dear relatives, it was a relief to feel that I was in my father's house among my own friends, and under the care of my tenderly loved and loving mother, where I knew that all they could do for me would be cheerfully performed. This feeling at first overbalanced every other; it was what I had earnestly desired, when there seemed much difficulty in the way of its being accomplished, and now I was thankful that it was realised. Yet I could not forget that I was going to put my dear parents to additional expense, instead of having the pleasure of assisting them. This threw a shade over my mind, but, under the full persuasion that I should never get well, I had a sort of hope that it would not be for very long. It was not without sadness that I parted with my kind travelling companions. R. C. Cox had been an invalid during the journey; he and I

had spent much time together; he felt for me, and drawing me aside in the parlour at Congenies, he said: "I know that you will be dull here if you have nothing to do. I advise you to have a little plan for occupying your time; and as you have been in the habit of seeing after the poor, it will, I think, be a nice thing for you to have a little money at your disposal for that object; I will, therefore, give you a trifle." He gave me £5 for the poor of Congenies, and £10 for those of Sommières; the latter sum to be disposed of conjointly with some friends of his wife's, as she had lodged there before her marriage. I have never forgotten that truly benevolent thought. It was indeed a comfort to have something to draw me out of myself. I was, however, often low and discouraged, and although my time was so portioned out that it was pretty fully occupied, nothing of what I did seemed necessary to be done. My dear father and mother enjoyed having me, and it was a pleasure to add to their comfort. My father was still strong and bright. He rose very early, and was occupied in writing, &c., during the earlier hours of the day; part of the afternoon he took a nap, and the rest of the afternoon and evening he spent at the fountain garden, where I used often to join him after my daily ride on the donkey. I fancy I can now see that loved parent, with his beautiful patriarchal countenance, beaming with intelligence and holy serenity, bringing home the produce of his labours in the garden, and enjoying showing us how fine were his lettuces, his cabbages, his peas, and his haricots. Painful as was the dispensation at the time, which

forced me to relinquish what I was engaged in, I have often felt thankful that it thus afforded me the opportunity of being so much with my beloved parents in their declining years, to add to their comfort and to witness the serenity of the evening of their day; and although I had some privations, yet I enjoyed many comforts, and, to a high degree, the "comfort of love."

CHAPTER IX.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY CONTINUED.

Residence at Nîmes in Dr. Pleindoux's family—Description of Nîmes—State of Religion in France.

BUT my health did not seem to alter. I was too much absorbed by the idea that I should not recover for it to improve much. I was, however, kept calm, endeavouring to look forward steadily to the end; and although I was not favoured with a sense of assurance, I had, at times, a humble hope in the mercy of my Saviour. I took much interest in the printing of the translation which I had made of the "Portable Evidence." Emilien Frossard, with whom I had been acquainted when we were both young, at William Allen's, had married an English wife, and was residing at Nîmes as one of the pastors of the place. I wished to submit the translation to him, and he and his wife kindly invited me to their house, both for the change of air and the more easily to obtain his help in looking over and correcting the little work; which was then printed and put into circulation. Many copies were distributed gratis, and some were sold. I have known several instances in which the reading of it was blessed; and to a cousin of mine in particular it was made the means of his conviction of the truths of Christianity, after he had long lived in doubt and scepticism.

During one of my visits to my friends, Emilien and

Isabella Frossard, at Nîmes, they persuaded me to consult their medical friend, Dr. Pleindoux. He did not take the serious view of my case which had been taken by the English physicians. It is true that I was better when he saw me than I was when I left England. The lungs, he considered, were affected, but not so as to lead him to think the complaint beyond the reach of cure; but it was impossible for him to persuade me that this was the case. The strong impression I had to the contrary remained with me, although I could but be sensible of some improvement. He one day told me that he believed he had tried every means which he thought would be beneficial; and that now there remained nothing to be done but to turn my attention to some kind of employment by which I might be taken more out of myself; for it was not in the power of medicine to help me as long as I entertained the idea that I could not recover. This rather amazed me, for I felt that I could not undertake any kind of employment at Congenies; and whither else could I go? I told him my difficulty. He said, "Well, I will consider about it; perhaps I can suggest something that may suit you." Shortly afterwards he proposed that I should spend a few months in his family, and teach English to his only daughter who was then about eleven years old. The proposal was unexpected. I was surprised that any one should think of making it to a person far gone in consumption; and that it should come from my medical man was certainly extraordinary. It acted on me powerfully, and for the first time conveyed to my mind the thought that perhaps Dr. Pleindoux was right, and

that my apprehensions were incorrect. At least, I saw that he was sincere in his expressed opinion. Had any one else made the proposal, I should have refused it without hesitation; but now I looked upon it in a different light; and the more I thought of it, the more it struck me as a Providential interposition in my behalf. My dear father and mother were very doubtful as to the desirableness of the undertaking. My father feared the effect it might have on my "Friendliness." My mother was anxious about my health. I was again perplexed. The proposal had not been sought by me. I had not in any way promoted it; it had come to me. I knew not, however, how I could maintain my character as a "Friend" in its essential parts, and reside in a Roman Catholic family, and instruct a Roman Catholic child. Revolving the subject in my mind, and feeling anxious to do that which was right; it occurred to me that I must at once represent myself as one who desired to act without compromising any of the important views entertained by "Friends." If Dr. Pleindoux were willing to accept me as a Friend, I would accede to the proposal; if not, it must be left.

In my next interview I told the Doctor that he was, perhaps, not aware that I was a Protestant. It was true that I did not belong to the Church which goes under that name in France; but that the principles of our Society were those of the Reformation, and that we carried them further than even the Protestants of the National Church; and that, therefore, we were at a greater distance than they from Roman Catholicism. And, seeing that the most powerful motive of action

is a religious sense, founded on the responsibility of man in the sight of his Creator, I felt that I could not undertake the education of a child without having it in my power to make use of this powerful incentive to duty. To my surprise the Doctor answered that he was quite of the same mind; and that as he wished his daughter to be brought up with religious views and obligations, whilst at the same time he desired her education to be exempt from the errors and superstitions of popery, his eye had been fixed on me, as being the person most likely to answer his purpose on many accounts, and particularly because I seemed to stand on rather neutral ground between the Catholics and the Protestants. On account of the priests he could not well have a Protestant. He wished to know how far I should think it right to carry out my views. I told him that I had no desire unduly to influence any one, or to force my own views on his child should she be entrusted to me; but, as both Catholics and Protestants professed to take their religious views from the Bible, I should be quite satisfied, if I was allowed to read it with her. He made not the slightest difficulty as it regarded himself; but he said his wife, who was more under the influence of the priests, might make some objection; but that she would be less likely to object if the subject were properly put before her; and as she was not acquainted with me, if I was willing to pay them a friendly visit, he would ask her to send me an invitation. At the time of this negotiation I was staying with my very dear friend, Jenny Jalaguier, to whom I had been introduced by Emilien Frossard and his wife, and who has

ever since been like a beloved sister to me. The wife of Dr. Pleindoux called on me, and it was fixed that I should go on a visit of a few days to the Doctor's. It seemed altogether strange; and yet so providential, so unlooked for, and so opportune, that I felt it would be a serious thing lightly to set it aside. My dear father thought the same. I therefore went some time in the summer of 1834.

The first thing that I was anxious to ascertain during this visit was the point I had discussed with the Doctor. He proposed that he himself should consult the confessor of his wife and daughter; but it occurred to me that it was better for me to do it in his presence. The Abbé of the cathedral was therefore invited to dinner. When I saw a tall fine man, very dignified and commanding in his appearance, evidently a man of learning and thought, I own that I felt rather to shrink from the encounter; but he was thoroughly well bred and most polite. The dinner passed off without much being said but what was commonplace; and I did not feel quite at my ease. When we retired from table the Doctor introduced the subject of his daughter's education; how he had hitherto been disappointed in the attempts he had made for accomplishing it; and after saying that now he believed he had found the right person, he introduced me as the individual whom he wished to persuade to take charge of it. Now, I thought, must be the time to express the grounds which led me to hesitate. I knew that the Abbé had been concerned on a large scale in the work of education as Proviseur (Principal) of the large college at Nîmes. I could therefore appeal to him as a man of

experience, and was relieved by finding that he fully agreed with me that, in order to carry out any plan of education satisfactorily, and be instrumental in the right formation of character, the great truths of the Gospel must be brought to bear on any such plan. I told him that I was a Protestant, and mentioned those common grounds of faith and of practice in which I was sure we were agreed. These I desired that it might be my endeavour to inculcate on my young pupil as she might be able to bear it; without attempting either to bring forward peculiar views of my own or to refute those that she might otherwise be taught. And as there was one book to which we could both appeal, as containing the rule of our common faith, what I thought to be indispensable was, to be allowed to read the Bible with my pupil; containing as it does, the truths which, in their essential bearing, are the same for the Catholics and the Protestants. I believed that he would see the propriety of my request; and I further added, that although I should not seek unduly to influence the judgment of the child, yet if any explanations of the portions we read were required, I could only give them according to the understanding I had of the sacred text. He heard me patiently, and at my different appeals he nodded assent. When I had done, he said my request was a very fair one; he approved of my frank and open statement; and saw no objection to the child reading the Bible, provided it was a right translation. I mentioned De Saci's translation. He agreed that it was an approved version, but he would wish to see it. As there was no Bible in the house, I procured one from

the dépôt of the Bible Society, and made a present of it to the child. The priest had it for some time, and then returned it to my pupil with the permission to read it. From that time I had full liberty, and during the time I lived in the family, a period of six years, I was never interfered with; and we read the Bible daily.

It was in the summer of 1834 that I came to live at Nîmes, and entered on this new mode of life. Dr. Pleindoux was a very able man, in full practice; and although my principal employment was with my little pupil, I saw a great variety of interesting persons, and again led a life—though totally different from that in William Allen's family—of constant activity. There was not, at that time, any Friends' meeting at Nîmes. My cousin, Justine Bénézet had been for some years the superintendent of the Protestant Orphan Asylum; and for a long time she and I regularly sat down together, and held a little silent meeting in the committee room of that Institution, which was granted to us by the committee. After a while two of my sisters joined us, together with Justine's sister, Eugénie. The latter had lately been left a widow, and was kindly taken in with her child into the Orphan Asylum, where she acted as housekeeper. Notwithstanding these associates my lot was very lonely. I was in a Roman Catholic family, the head of which, an intelligent warm-hearted man, absorbed by the duties of his profession, was living without any observance of religion whatever; as most men do in France. The only appearance of religion in his wife was her going to mass on First-day morning, and to confession when it was required. I had little other outward help than

reading my Bible and attending the little meeting on a First-day; and now and then spending a First-day at Congenies. But I had some intercourse with pious Protestants at Nîmes, and I took a class in the First-day school at the Protestant "Temple," which led to my sometimes attending the afternoon worship there. I took much interest in my little pupil, who became closely attached to me. She was bright and intelligent, though not very fond of work. It was agreed that she should at once receive her religious instruction for her first "communion," and that then she would be entirely confided to me. I had frequently to go to fetch her home from the Convent, where one or two of the nuns with whom I came in contact tried hard to convert me by kindness and persuasion. I was several times invited to walk in the garden, to see their chapel, their altars, and ornaments. One of them, in particular, urged me to consider the great responsibility of refusing to hear the call that was made through her to me. I endeavoured, in my turn, to give her my reasons for differing from her on some points; and at last she left me to my disbelief.

One day they gave Théolinde a little box carefully wrapped up. The child brought it to me, and, cautiously opening it, she displayed the inside, all glittering and bespangled, and shut in with glass. She told me to look in the centre, and on my taking the box out of her hand she looked terrified, and said, "Oh, you must not touch it! It is only for a very particular purpose: for you to see, but not to touch." In the centre compartment I saw a tiny piece of wood, not as large as a pin's head. This, she told me, was a piece of the

true cross, which had been sent as a present to their convent by some one who had brought it from Rome. I think they hoped that it would have some wonderful effect on me, if I were not too much hardened in unbelief. The child said, "It is such a precious relic that they never would have given it to me if they had not thought of you. It is so sacred that whilst the priests are allowed to touch it with their hands, the nuns only do so with a piece of cotton." Saying all this, she looked at me very attentively, and appeared surprised that I did not wonder more. I read an inscription on the lid of the box, purporting that the saying of a certain number of prayers in view of the relic would free the soul from the penalty of so many mortal sins, and so many venial sins. The child, watching my countenance all the time, penetrated my thoughts, and said, "I see that you do not believe it." I told her that I fully believed in the goodness of the Almighty in forgiving us our sins, if, under a feeling of true repentance, we prayed that they might be forgiven; that the Bible taught us this, as we had seen; but that I could not find anything in the Bible about pieces of the true cross. "Then," said she, "you do not think that this will make any difference?" I did not answer; but she added, "Neither do I. I will take back their box." I was afraid I should hear more of this little box; but I did not. It was evident that, as the child's mind opened, she was less and less under their superstitious influences; and in a few months her attendance at the convent ceased.

Nîmes, the ancient Nemausus, is in many respects a very remarkable city. First, as containing so many

proofs of its early possession by the Romans. Its Amphitheatre, on which I had looked with some surprise when I was a child, more and more astonished me when I considered its antiquity—of the time of Augustus Cæsar—its extent, the massiveness of its construction, and its preservation. The Maison Carrée —of about the same period, the Porte de France and the Porte d'Augusta, with the ruins at the Fontaine, and the antique Tour Magne; all tell of times long gone by; and of generations of men who have long since had to give up their account.

But, to those who are interested in the religious welfare of the people of France, Nîmes is remarkable, as being, perhaps, the only large city in France which contains so large a proportion of Protestants.

As early as 1557 a Protestant Church was founded at Nîmes, and from that period to the present time there has existed a constant conflict between the Protestants and the Catholics. Being a manufacturing place there is a numerous population of poor people, particularly amongst the Catholics, whose character is hot and impetuous. Old animosities are treasured up until a fitting opportunity for venting them offers. Hence the conflicts and the bloodshed that have taken place at every change in the political affairs of the country. At the time of my going to Nîmes, and all the time I resided there (from 1834 to 1846), the Protestants were in favour with the Government. During the reign of Louis Philippe, especially during the administration of Guizot, they filled the most prominent offices. There were many opulent families amongst them. The Mayor was a Protestant. The

first President of the Court was also a Protestant, as was the first Judge. Many of the lower offices were also filled by Protestants; and the principal bankers were members of the Reformed Church. Most of them were members of their Consistory or Synod. But I own, as it appeared to me, there was not much spirituality in their Church. Two or three of their pastors held Evangelical views; others were sadly tainted with the errors of rationalism; and for a time there was much division amongst them. I mixed much more with the Protestants than with the Roman Catholics, even while I was with Dr. Pleindoux. Indeed I visited very little amongst the Catholics; all I knew of them was by their coming to his house.

It was soon after I went to Nîmes that I paid a visit to an old friend of mine, a friend of my childhood, whose family lived at Congenies when we were both children; and who had since gone through deep affliction by the loss of her husband and her only daughter, a lovely child of eight or ten years of age. She was a strict Roman Catholic, and was now living with her mother at a small village called Manduel. I found her thoroughly under the dominion of her religious ideas. Her house was close to the "church," to which she had built an addition over her daughter's grave. To this portion of the building, which communicated with the upper part, near the altar, she had easy access from her house by merely crossing the road; and here she spent much of her time. The rest was in great part spent in embroidering dresses for the priest, altar-cloths, making artificial flowers for different ornaments, &c. She found in these occupations some

solace for her sorrows, and she really appeared happy. She had always been good looking, and now the melancholy and at the same time serene expression of her countenance was truly striking.

How I did regret, in being with her, that at so early an age—scarcely thirty—so much of sincerity, so much of real piety and devotedness of heart, should be thus wasted; and life spent to so little purpose. She, on the contrary, commiserated my want of religious sensibility, in not being able to sympathise with her in her consolations. In the evening we used to have the company of the priest and one or two ladies of the village. At these times the conversation would often turn on the miracles of different saints; on the furniture of the church, or on the vestments of the priests, &c., &c. I give the following as an illustration.

It was an evening on which the medical man was also present. The conversation turned on an approaching festival—the anniversary of "*Les Saintes Maries;*" and arrangements were proposed for attending it. But in order to give an idea of the subject, and of what occurred, I must endeavour to explain what seems to be the generally received tradition respecting that place and another in the neighbourhood. It is reported that at the time of the crucifixion of Peter, at Rome; Lazarus, who was with him, and his sisters Martha and Mary, with Mary Salomé, fled to the coast, and embarked on the Mediterranean in an open boat. They were sadly beaten about for many days, and at last were shipwrecked on the coast of France. Lazarus escaped, and found his way to Marseilles, where he built a church, which bears his name, and

also one on the other side of the port; a communication being established between them by means of a tunnel. Martha, by some very remarkable providential interposition, escaped also, and went up by the mouth of the Rhone, to Tarascon. That place, so runs the legend, was, at that time, infested by a sea-monster, which lived in the Rhone, and destroyed men, women, and children, and was the terror of the neighbourhood. It went by the name of the Tarasque. (I have heard it asserted that crocodiles were at one time found in the Rhone; and it is a fact that a crocodile is emblazoned on the arms of the town of Nîmes. There are two stuffed ones in the town hall, which are said to have been caught in the Rhone.) But to my story. Martha is said to have delivered the neighbourhood from this monster by miraculously charming it, and leading it to the town tied with her apron-string. She is buried in the crypt of the church, and there are candles always burning on her tomb, as the deliverer and patron saint of the place; and until quite recently, the yearly festival of this deliverance was kept up. A French writer, M. Raux Ferrand, after describing the monster, and the manner in which it was vanquished—by the exhibition of the cross—says: "To perpetuate the remembrance of this great event a procession and a fête were instituted. They take place on the day of Pentecost, the day after the fair of Beaucaire. The procession is very imposing. All the clergy follow it. The congregation bear, on a litter, an effigy of the Tarasque, and as soon as the procession is over the fête begins. The Tarasque is brought forth surrounded by guards called Taras-

quaires. These are young men dressed in red serge and white cambric vests, trimmed with lace. They wear white stockings and shoes with red tops and heels; a cocked hat and a red cockade. The congregation follow; and the procession is accompanied by an innumerable company of the faithful. During the march the tail of the monster is agitated on all sides; and, as his tail is no other than a beam, woe to the curious who come near it, especially if they happen to be Protestants; for the Tarasque, converted by Martha, does not pardon them their heresy." After giving a description of the absurdities that took place at this fête, the writer continues,—"These are all in harmony with the fête and the procession; it is the tenth century in the nineteenth, and that in France!"

But to return to the other part of the legend, which bears most on what occurred to me during this visit to my friend. The two "*Maries*" were drowned; their bodies being found on the sand on a little tongue of land or sand between the 'Etang de Thau and the sea. Their bones were collected in a box, and a little chapel was built on the spot. The place is inhabited only by a few fishermen. In the little chapel is a well, the water of which is always salt. But on the occasion of the annual festival called "*les Saintes Maries*," the box containing the bones is let down into it; and the water is said to become sweet, and whoever drinks of it at that time, and has faith to perceive that it is so, is healed of whatever disease he may have. The porch of the little chapel is hung round with the testimonials which individuals who have thus been healed have left as proofs of the efficacy of the transformed water.

Such was the strange legend which formed the subject of conversation as we sat together on that evening. I was one of seven. Feeling that my companions would overpower me by their numbers, I thought it most prudent to hold my peace and listen to their discussion. They talked of going to spend a week on the shore near the little chapel, either under tents or in the fishermen's huts; quite a party of pleasure. They mentioned many cases which had been wonderfully helped. Amongst others, the priest spoke of a girl who had been quite blind; who the year before had partially recovered her sight, and who said she intended to go again, when she expected to be quite cured. At this mention of a miracle, half done at one time and completed a year after, I suppose that I betrayed a sort of incredulity by the expression of my countenance; for the priest, who had been watching me, as he knew I was a *heretic*, said, with a sort of disdain, "You do not believe in miracles?" I answered that he was quite mistaken in thinking so—that I had quite as firm a belief in miracles as probably he had; and that I had never called in question the possibility that He by whose power all things were ordered and directed in the natural creation, could, if it were His will, change the order and the arrangement which He had given them. At this he seemed surprised; and the rest of the company listened with attention. He said, "You are not, then, like the other Protestants; for they do not believe in miracles." I told him I thought that what I had expressed would be agreed to by most Protestants. He inquired what miracles I believed in. I said that I believed in all

those mentioned in the Old and the New Testament, Then said he, "Do you not believe that the Power which performed those miracles remains the same and can now perform miracles?" I acknowledged my full belief that this was the case; adding that if I could see the same reason now that there was then for such a disturbance of the order of nature; as, for example, the establishment of a new dispensation and the proving of the divinity of the Saviour of men: both of which required an extraordinary manifestation of power: and if, moreover, a miracle wrought for such a purpose was fully authenticated, I should not withhold my belief of it; knowing that we must be careful not to limit Almighty Power, whilst, at the same time, we guard against the mistakes and the deceptions of men. He looked at me rather sharply and said—"Then you do not believe, for instance, that when the relics are let down into the water, its nature is changed or that it becomes sweet?" Being still desirous not to lay myself open to the imputation of heretical unbelief, I quietly put the question to him; asking him if he believed it. This was unexpected; and the poor man proved at least that he was sincere. Assuming a very serious air, he said, "It is with sincere sorrow for my want of faith that I acknowledge it; for many whom I can depend upon have assured me of the contrary; but when I have tasted the water I have perceived no difference. I attribute this, however, to my lamentable want of faith." The conversation ended here; and I felt glad that it was the priest, and not I, who had been convicted of disbelief.

I often met this priest afterwards at Dr. Pleindoux's; and we were always good friends. I remember dining with the family, when he displayed, as he thought to my wondering gaze, all his gorgeous vestments and the riches of his church. When he asked me what I thought of all this—whether I did not think it indicated the great piety of his parishioners—I said No; for I believed many of these things were given to churches, to cover a multitude of sins; and I regretted that so much property should be doing no good when it might defray the expenses of a school. He appeared amused at my replies, for he was a good-natured man; and he finally gave me up as an incorrigible heretic.

It is very affecting to consider that if there be any religion at all amongst the Roman Catholics in the South of France, it is so often of the character that I have described as the religion of my poor friend. I suppose there is not one family in a hundred of the Roman Catholics in Nîmes who possess the Bible; and a very small number of the men, whether Roman Catholics or Protestants, attend any place of worship. This, with the sad appropriation of the First day of the week, affected me at first very sorrowfully. By degrees, however, I became accustomed to it; so that I minded it less. Placed as I was at this period in the midst of so much that tended to dry up every feeling of devotion, I have been often led to consider that young persons cannot be sufficiently thankful when it has pleased a kind Providence to place them in an atmosphere which tends to encourage their efforts towards an advancement in the Christian life.

CHAPTER X.

Visit of Elizabeth Fry to the South of France—Christine Majolier again comes to England—Final parting with William Allen —Returns to Nîmes—Death of her pupil, Adèle Jalaguier.

DURING the first four years of Christine Majolier's residence at Nîmes, she pursued with interest the education of her little pupil.

The Countess de Sellon, with whom she had become acquainted during her journey with Elizabeth Robson, continued to correspond with her; and at one time was very anxious that she should reside in her family, and assist in the education of her younger daughters. Tempting as was the proposal Christine Majolier writes:

Many reasons induced me to decline it. I felt attached to my pupil and grateful to Dr. Pleindoux, and wished to accomplish what I had undertaken. At Nîmes, too, we had a little meeting of Friends, and the opportunities I had had of attending the Protestant Temple made me feel the value of even our poor little meetings, and of our simple mode of worship. I was also near my beloved parents; and though my situation was not in all respects congenial, I thought it best to wait till an opening might clearly present for leaving it.

In the Fifth Month, 1839, Elizabeth Fry, accompanied by her husband, and their son and daughter,

with their friend, Josiah Forster, paid a visit to the South of France. Christine Majolier accompanied them to Congenies and the villages in the neighbourhood, acting as interpreter at all the meetings, as well as at those held at Nîmes; her young pupil being with her on many of these occasions. Christine Majolier writes:

This dignified and highly-gifted handmaid of the Lord was greatly favoured during this Gospel errand. The message of Redeeming love flowed freely from her lips; many who heard her were contrited before the Lord, and brought to the inquiry, "What must I do to be saved?" And though it is to be feared that some of the seed, which was then abundantly sown, fell where there was not "much depth of earth," yet "other fell into good ground;" and many who have since proved the emptiness of the pleasures of this world, and have given in their names to serve the Lord, can trace their first awakening to her tender yet powerful exhortations. To me her visit was one of renewed help, and of a fresh stirring up to diligence; and greatly did I enjoy being able to afford her a little assistance. I accompanied her not only to the meetings, but also in her visit to the families of Friends, and to the Hospital and the large prison, Maison Centrale.

Dr. Pleindoux was much struck with Elizabeth Fry, and invited her to meet at his house some of the principal inhabitants of the city; when her simple and Christian conduct was very striking. He was so impressed with the desirability of reading the Holy

Scriptures in the morning, that he wished to establish a morning reading at his house in the country among his workmen; but it was soon found that the Roman Catholics would not attend, and the plan had to be given up.

My own health had improved during my residence at Nîmes, and my dear pupil had now grown a serious and interesting young person; and as her education was completed, it was decided that I should leave Dr. Pleindoux.

In the Fourth Month, 1840, Christine Majolier again came to England. Many changes had taken place during the six years she had been absent; but her loved friends, Cornelius and Elizabeth Hanbury again opened their house to her; and she had the great pleasure of spending a few days with Elizabeth Fry at her house in Upton Lane. Christine Majolier thus describes her visit:

I slept in a little room near her own. She used to come in the morning in her dressing-gown and sit on my bed before I was up, to tell me a little of her plans for the day, and sometimes of her cares and of her sorrows. One morning she looked very serious, and said she had received a note from the Duchess of Sutherland, making an appointment to see her that day; and she thought it was to go to the Queen. She added, "Thou canst not imagine what I feel; how I shrink from the flattery I am exposed to, when I think of the possibility that the creature should be elated by it;" and, raising her hand and looking earnestly at me, she added, "Pray for me, that I may be kept, that

this may never be the case." So much did this devoted servant of the Lord feel that if she was enabled to do anything that was good, it was only of the ability that God giveth, and from nothing that was her own.

Christine Majolier continues:

My beloved friend William Allen was much enfeebled every way, but still most kind and loving, and occupied for the good of others. The change at Broomfield (near Chelmsford) was most affecting; dear Rebecca Christy and her daughter Ann both gone to their long home. These and other changes that had taken place seemed too much for me; and I had a recurrence of my nervous cough and of the pain in my chest. I felt that I must return to France.

A committee had been appointed to visit Friends in the South of France; and I left London, *viâ* Southampton, in company with them, on the 20th of the Eighth Month, 1840. Peter Bedford, George Stacey, Josiah Forster, Samuel Fox, and Thomas Norton, Jun., formed our party; and at Southampton we met William Allen and Lucy Bradshaw, who were to accompany us as far as Paris. Thus I had the pleasure of a little more of dear William Allen's company. Before he left the hotel in Paris, he told me that he wished to give me a trifle to get something in remembrance of him. I felt that we were parting probably for the last time. My heart was too full for utterance. He was affected too. It was indeed the last time that I saw this beloved friend, who had for so many years been like a father to me.

On her return to France, she again settled at Nîmes; and, at the urgent request of Émile Jalaguier, a friend of her parents, she undertook the care and education of his little daughter Adèle. It was an occupation which afforded Christine Majolier peculiar satisfaction, and in which there is reason to believe that she was made an instrument of much blessing. The life of this beloved child, so full of promise, was to be of short continuance. Her health soon began to give way. But, in watching her gradual decline, her friends had the unspeakable comfort of knowing that her young heart had been given to her Saviour; and that the beauteous flower was thus early gathered to flourish eternally in the Paradise of God.

Adèle Jalaguier died at Louis A. Majolier's house, at Congenies, whither she had been removed for the benefit of the country air.

Christine Majolier writes:

The night but one before she died, she took leave of her father and aunt; but as if fearing that the emotion, which she could not entirely conceal, should lead us to think that her faith in Jesus was shaken, she said to her father, in a firm voice, "There are bright and beautiful promises, my father, and I believe in them; but I feel the pain of leaving so good a father." Then calling her aunt to her, and taking her hand and putting it into her father's, she said, "Aunt, here is my father, I recommend him to you; take care of him; do all you can for him. I had

hoped to have done it myself." A deep silence reigned in the room. Her father was deeply affected, and seemed unable to give utterance to his sorrow. The dear child noticed this, and looking at him with a smiling countenance said, "Now, my father, once more smile upon me. Although in much pain, I can still smile upon you." Then turning to me, she said, "And what can I say to you? nothing but Thank you."

Although evidently gradually sinking, there was no apprehension of immediate dissolution; and the next day, the 24th of Sixth Month, she spent about two hours in the lovely little garden. She seemed to take leave of the pretty flowers, making some remark upon each of them as they were brought to her to examine. Never can we forget her heavenly appearance that afternoon as we sat round her couch, surrounded by the most lovely blossoms, especially pinks and carnations which scented the air, and which a few hours after served to adorn the peaceful remains, when the spirit had fled to the Paradise of unfading flowers above. The night of the 24th was a restless one. She did not express much; but not a murmur escaped her. On the morning of the 25th her father left as usual for the day, as there seemed no particular indication of approaching death, and he was scarcely able to bear witnessing for long together the gradual decline of his dying child. She was dressed and carried down stairs, and asked me to rest at her feet, and soon after went off into a doze. Awaking suddenly she said, in a hurried manner, "I have such a pain in my chest; I am dying. Send an express to Nîmes; send for a doctor." She asked for something

to take, but found she could not swallow. Then, turning her beautiful eyes upward and joining her hands before her, she uttered this short, but comprehensive prayer, "My God, pardon my sins; Christ, my Saviour, I have faith, I have confidence in Thee, and I am Thine for ever." From this time a heavenly serenity seemed to cover her mind; the bitterness of death was past, though she was still upon earth. The first thing she said after this was to ask us not to send any one to Nîmes, as it was useless. During the few hours which preceded her death a holy stillness pervaded the room. Her uncle arrived, and at long intervals she told him what she wished done with the little things she possessed. Having nothing to give him, she turned towards him with a smile and said, "To you, my uncle, my love." Then added, "Now I am dying; pray." After a short prayer she added, "I die happy." Her aunt asked her, if she died in the faith of that good Saviour who came into the world to die for us; she answered very earnestly, "Oh yes, aunt, nothing else." She moved her hand towards us and said, "Farewell all." Seeing that the servant was not in the room, she wished her called, and said, "Jeannette, thank you." I was standing by her, supporting her on my right arm, while my head sustained hers. She felt my tears falling on her cheek, which was already made cold by the hand of death, and raising her eyes towards me with an expression of gentle reproof, she said, "Do you weep for me? Weep not for me." I fondly hoped she might survive till her father arrived, as he was expected in about an hour; and I proposed strengthening frictions, which had at times proved

reviving. She quietly said, "Oh, no, it is useless," and then, "Now, Christine, you may close my eyes." Soon after her loving spirit took its flight to Heaven, and the sweet smile which remained on her lips, with the beautiful serenity of her countenance, clearly showed the peace and the joy with which she left this mortal scene for one of eternal happiness. She died on the 25th of Sixth Month, 1845, aged sixteen.

Her father arrived about an hour after the close. He was perfectly calm, and, sitting down by the sofa on which she was laid, he was so impressed with the peacefulness of the scene and the joyful expression on her countenance, that he said, "If any one had told me, even a few days ago, that I could sit down by the remains of the last treasure I had on earth and feel happy, I could not have believed it, and yet it is the case." Her remains were taken to Nîmes, where they rest in the cemetery by the side of her mother's.

CHAPTER XI.

Journey on the Continent with Lindley Murray Hoag.

IT was about this time that Lindley Murray Hoag, a native of Maine, in the United States, North America, came over to this country as an accredited minister of the Gospel. His father and mother, and many members of the family, were also ministers of the Gospel. He had been brought up in great simplicity, but was a man of considerable natural talent, which was sanctified by Divine grace. He was young and ardent; his preaching was impressive and attractive, and he had extensive service both in the British Islands and on the Continent of Europe.* He was accompanied to the South of France by the late Joseph Tregelles Price and Robert Alsop; and whilst there Christine Majolier was invited to join them as interpreter.

The journey occupied several months. The following extracts from Christine Majolier's memoranda will give some idea of its varied interests:

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* Lindley Murray Hoag subsequently settled in Iowa, and died there, at his residence in Rocksylvania, Hardin County, Eleventh Month 25th, 1880.

We left Nîmes the 14th of Fourth Month, 1846, and that evening reached Alais; the weather very wet. I felt rather dull, not knowing how things might turn out. The track appeared wholly untrodden, as regards Friends; and much devolved upon me.

15th.—In the morning we went to call on the persons to whom we were recommended. The two first were out, so we had to knock at another door—the Methodist missionary, Combe. He kindly offered his meeting-place, and, though small, we accepted it. The meeting was held at half-past seven. The place was full, nearly 200 persons present. It was the first Friends' meeting which had been held there, and it proved a satisfactory opportunity. L. M. Hoag spoke for some time, and the people were pretty quiet.

16th.—Left Alais at ten o'clock, and reached St. Ambroix about one. We had a letter for the pastor there named Collive. J. T. Price and I called on him; but we soon found that he could be of no use to us for getting a meeting. He would not give the use of his "Temple" to any other denomination than his own, neither would he encourage private meetings. Still I was not disheartened, but inclined to try all the means in our power before we gave up. We therefore called on a lady of the name of Chante. We found her a pious and amiable woman, very desirous to aid us. She mentioned that private reunions were sometimes held at the house of one of her acquaintances named Servier, a widow. This she considered the most likely place to hold the meeting. She also sent for one of her friends, whom we found a valuable helper. He went with us to the widow Servier, and arrange-

ments were made for the meeting, he undertaking to give notice. At half-past seven we had a larger company than we expected, and it was really satisfactory. Lindley Murray Hoag appeared first in supplication, pouring out his soul in most touching language, imploring the unmerited mercy of our Heavenly Father towards His rebellious children, that for Jesus Christ's sake their sins might be blotted out as a cloud, and their transgressions be remembered no more. My heart went along with his fervent prayer, and I thought I felt something like comfort in a sense of forgiving love. He afterwards spoke largely on the work of the Holy Spirit; on silent worship; and on the need of repentance and justification before the soul can be made meet for an inheritance in Heaven. We heard the next day from a *notaire*, named Redarés, that he and several other Roman Catholics had stood in the yard and heard all that had passed. They were well satisfied; and he said that it was the Gospel they had heard preached.

17*th*.—We left St. Ambroix about nine, and arrived at St. Jean about twelve o'clock. The inn there was very poor. I could not make up my mind to stay; and, hoping we might find something better, we went over to Rochegade to see a person who had expressed a wish to see Friends. He received us with great kindness. He was busily occupied with his silkworms; but would not be satisfied without our taking dinner; offering us the best he had with a heartiness that could not be withstood.

After this, it seemed best to go back to St. Jean to see the Pastor, to whom we had been recommended.

We found him well disposed. He could not promise the use of the "Temple" without consulting some members of the Consistory; but offered to have the meeting in his own house, and to give ample notice. About eight, his house was completely beseiged. The meeting was held in a large hall and school-room, and the staircase was so full that he was greatly afraid it would break down. Many of the people stood, and yet the meeting was quiet and solemn. L. M. Hoag first poured forth a beautiful supplication, which, though the words were not understood, appeared to be felt by many. He then rose with the text—"The love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge," &c. He strikingly set forth the doctrine of the fall of man, and the means appointed for his recovery; and how those means are available for *all;* describing the offices of the Holy Spirit as the Reprover for sin, &c. The people were very quiet and attentive, and many appeared impressed.

18*th.*—At Vallon, I felt quite at home, from knowing our kind friend, Henry Blune, who is the pastor. He received us with an open heart, and not only willingly made way for our meeting, but wished very much that we should stay over First-day, that we might have a larger congregation. We met in a neat chapel at half-past seven. The meeting soon gathered into solemn silence, more like a Friends' meeting than any other we had had; the appearance of the people evidently evincing the care of their good pastor. After a solemn time in prayer, and a few words expressed with much weight by Robert Alsop, L. M. Hoag rose with the words: "Of a truth I perceive that God is no

respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth God, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him."

The next day, Lindley Murray Hoag felt anxious to proceed on our journey, with the prospect of holding a meeting at Vals, near Aubenas. Vals is the only Protestant Church in a very extensive neighbourhood; and the inhabitants resort to it for miles round. It has only existed as a Church about twenty years. When L. M. Hoag and I went to the meeting we found the people singing psalms, which they continued to do until it was fully gathered. They were very attentive to what was said, and many appeared much interested and touched.

The next day they went to Privas, which had specially attracted L. M. Hoag's attention, even before he left England. Christine Majolier writes:

We found that a meeting of from twenty to thirty serious and seeking people meet at the house of one of their pastors, M. Grégoire, two or three times a week to read and expound the Scriptures, and to pray and sing hymns and psalms. Our friends very affectionately pressed us to stop amongst them; and it was fixed that the same evening we should meet this little company with all they could invite.

At eight o'clock we met about fifty in M. Grégoire's parlour. Soon after we came together I felt inclined to give them a little explanation of our mode of Divine worship; bringing into view our faith that where two or three are gathered in the name of Jesus, He is in the midst of them. L. M. Hoag soon

after spoke on the same subject, describing how it was, that our Saviour could be present with us; and beautifully bringing before us the ground of true Gospel ministry, and the exercise of prayer in Divine worship. There seemed much openness to receive the Gospel preached; and after the meeting all our friends expressed their wish that we should remain longer with them.

At Fluviac, a village situated in the mountains, surrounded by little hamlets, they had a good meeting of 400 people. On the 22nd, they proceeded to Valence, Annonay, and St. Etienne. Their road lay part of the way along the banks of the Rhone, commanding a distant view of the mountains of the Dauphiné, still covered with snow. At each place meetings were held. From St. Etienne they proceeded by way of Lyons to Geneva. At Geneva meetings were appointed at their hotel, and at the *Salle* of the Casino; about 400 attended the meeting at the latter place. L. M. Hoag preached the Gospel with power from the words, "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Christ Jesus." After a brief visit to Lausanne, they came to Aigle, where the journal thus describes a meeting in the *Salle à manger* of the hotel in which they were staying.

At seven o'clock about 100 persons were collected, amongst whom were many respectable persons. Although we had at different times been induced to fear

a disturbance of our meetings in this canton, we none of us had any apprehension of what was going to happen. I hoped we should have a good meeting, as the feeling attending us seemed particularly sweet and solemn. Dear L. M. Hoag appeared beautifully in supplication; and soon afterwards rose with the passage, "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for My sake shall find it." He powerfully and clearly showed what that life is, which must be lost, before the life which we have in Christ is to be obtained. The people were deeply interested and affected: but he had not proceeded far before some noise was heard in the passage. We were, however, preserved in much quietude; the persons in the room being very still while L. M. Hoag proceeded with his powerful address; and I was unusually helped in the interpreting. But the talking in the passage became louder. J. T. Price, who had gone out, was insulted. He found that some children had brought tin kettles, on which they were striking to make as much noise as possible. Still the meeting was quiet, whilst L. M. Hoag made an appeal to those who lived without God in the world; bringing into view the hour, which was not far distant for any of us, in which all would have to appear before the judgment seat of Christ. He had scarcely pronounced the passage relating to the separation of the sheep from the goats, and uttered the words, "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels," when the uproar increased; and it was whispered through the room that hundreds of persons were collected about the house, and that they had brought a fire-engine. The house was com-

pletely in the possession of the populace. They guarded every outlet, so that none of those who had attended the meeting might go out without being drenched by the fire-engine, which, amid the vociferations of the crowd, was worked by half-a-dozen men against the windows of the room in which we had met. The terror of many of the poor women who surrounded us was such as to excite our deepest sympathy. We had no fear for ourselves. The fury of the people seemed directed rather against those who had attended the meeting than against us. Our landlord insisted that we should leave the meeting room and retire to a bed-room upstairs; for he thought the ruffians would soon come into the house, and that, perhaps, they would sooner leave off their acts of barbarity when they saw the meeting was quite broken up. We reluctantly retired. I twice attempted to go down to them; but it was impossible to penetrate the crowd of roughs who had invaded the house; and we had only the additional distress of seeing them drag down the poor women in order to submit them to the drenching of their fire-engine. The tumult lasted about two hours, until nearly ten o'clock.

The landlord behaved very well on the occasion; presenting himself to the mob and threatening them with the damages which might be done to his house; and telling them to do what they wanted with him but to spare the strangers whom he had in his house. He afterwards went to the magistrates. The Syndic being absent, our landlord tried to induce the others to come to protect his house, which they at last did, though not without reluctance. It almost seemed as

though magistrates and people were agreed in this diabolical work. If the meeting had been held in the place where the Methodists assemble, probably things would have been a great deal worse, for there we should have had no one to protect us.

We had intended to return to Vevay that evening; but it was eleven o'clock before the house was quite cleared of our disturbers, and it was not considered safe to set off at night after such an event. We therefore went to bed, but it was long before I went to sleep. I believe we all felt thankful for our preservation, and I hope the event, trying as it was, will do good rather than harm.

Returning to England by way of Berne, Strasbourg, Manheim, and Cologne, Christine Majolier writes:

In the parting opportunity at Ostend, L. M. Hoag returned thanks for the many favours we had experienced. He prayed for all those who had been visited in different parts, that they might be brought more fully into the liberty of the Gospel, their dependence being drawn from outward things to the living substance. He also supplicated for himself and his fellow-labourers, that they might be kept and preserved in a state of humble dependence, and that imperfections and shortcomings in the work might be forgiven; concluding with fervent intercession for our beloved Society, both in England and America.

CHAPTER XII.

(1847—1856.)

Her Marriage—"Acknowledgment" as a Minister of the Gospel—Removal from Chelsea and settlement at Stoke Newington.

TWO events must now be recorded which had an important influence upon Christine Majolier's future life: her marriage, and her "acknowledgment" as a minister of the Gospel.

The name of Robert Alsop has already been several times mentioned in connection with her recent journey with Lindley Murray Hoag. Robert Alsop was a much esteemed member of the Society of Friends. He had been long known as a Pharmaceutical Chemist in Sloane Square, Chelsea, and in connection with the late Jacob Bell had rendered essential service as one of the founders of the Pharmaceutical Society, in which he long acted as an honorary Examiner. He had been now for some years a widower, his first wife having died in the year 1841. The association into which he and Christine Majolier had been brought during their journey with Lindley M. Hoag, gradually ripened into a closer intimacy, resulting in a union in which they were richly blessed together for nearly thirty years. They were married at the Friends' Meeting-house, Stoke Newington, on the 28th of

First Month, 1847. By this event Christine M. Alsop—as we must now call her—became, for a few years, a member of Westminster "Monthly Meeting," within the limits of which her husband then resided.

The Society of Friends, as is well known, recognise the ministry of women, in subjection to the government of Christ under the guidance of His Spirit. They conceive that the Gospel is not, in this or in any other respect, a dispensation narrower than the Law. They believe, with the Prophet Joel and the Apostle Peter, that it is a dispensation under which "daughters," as well as "sons," are to "prophesy." * Accepting the apostolic definition, that to "prophesy" is "to speak unto men to edification, and exhortation, and comfort," † they do not overlook the fact that the Apostle Paul himself gives directions as to the exercise by women of this gift; ‡ that he freely recognised the services of Priscilla as well as of Aquila,§ and that he was a guest at Cæsarea in the House of Philip the Evangelist, who had "four daughters" who all "prophesied." ‖ It was not, they are persuaded, the design of the Apostle to nullify, by words of seeming restriction employed by him on two occasions, the great principle thus authoritatively asserted and acted on. The seem-

* Joel ii. 28-32; Acts ii. 16, 17. † 1 Cor. xiv. 3. ‡ 1 Cor. xi. 5.
§ Acts xviii. 26; Rom xvi. 3. ‖ Acts xxi. 8, 9.

ing restriction is rather, in their view, to be itself interpreted and limited in harmony with the general principle. Christine M. Alsop had seen the exercise of this gift at once powerfully illustrated and vindicated in the examples of Priscilla Gurney and Elizabeth Fry. Her duties as an "interpreter" had brought her into close sympathy with many labourers in the Gospel; and as she became more and more established in the love of Christ, she was constrained to believe that she had herself received a commission from Him to declare to others the riches of His grace. Her first public utterances as a minister were amongst her own friends in the little meeting at Nîmes. After her marriage she was often similarly engaged in the Meeting at Peter's Court, near Charing Cross, which she usually attended, as well as in other meetings of "Friends" in and about London. Her public addresses were acceptable and edifying to her friends, and her gift as a Minister of the Gospel was solemnly recognised by Westminster Monthly Meeting on the 24th of Seventh Month, 1854. Her ministry was marked by simplicity, and by an earnest yet tender concern that all might accept the rich blessings offered to fallen man in the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and that, under the sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit, their daily walk might be worthy of their high vocation.

The following memorandum sweetly illustrates

the state of her mind amidst these added responsibilities:

Third Month, 1854.—What a good Master we serve; and He is wise as well as good! He knows what we can bear, and lays no more upon us than He enables us to perform. He has much to give, and He gives in proportion to our desire to receive.

The summer of 1854 was spent by Christine M. Alsop and her husband, in company with their friends Eli and Sybil Jones (from the State of Maine, in North America), in a visit of Christian love to various parts of Germany, Switzerland, and France. The particulars of this journey have not been preserved. Its close was marked by the decision at which Robert Alsop had at length arrived, finally to relinquish his business at Chelsea.

The change was not made without some conflict of feeling. The occupation was one exactly suited to Robert Alsop's habits and tastes. It was not easy to sever the bond which had so long united him to a large circle of loved friends. But the business involved both pecuniary risk and serious moral responsibility; and now that his frequent absence from home obliged him to leave it so much under the care of others, he thought it his duty to retire. It is true that the competency which he had been able to acquire would appear to most persons a very moderate one; but with a wife like-minded with himself their wants ex-

tended not to superfluities. In that which had been given them they felt that they were permitted to "have all and to abound." At once satisfied and thankful, they became a bright example of the true enjoyment granted to those whose desires are limited by the will of God; and whose delight is in His service. Thus liberated from business cares, and with these views, they removed, in the autumn of 1855, to Stoke Newington, where they continued to reside till their death.

Referring to these changes, Christine M. Alsop writes in her journal:

We were mercifully permitted to feel that we were not acting against the will of our Heavenly Father. Yet we were often led to re-consider the rectitude of our steppings in leaving the home in which we had been favoured with so much peaceful enjoyment; particularly as this change must remove us from our own Meeting (Westminster); and, as it regarded my husband especially, from the district where he had been so many years usefully engaged and greatly beloved. We passed several months of anxious thought; and the trial of our faith was not a little increased by the visitation of cholera in some parts of the metropolis. Our part of the town, though not among the worst districts, was fearfully visited. My dear husband and I remained at Chelsea during the continuance of the epidemic, unable to do much more than attend to the increased claims of business; with our minds impressed with the uncertainty of earthly things.

Since our removal I feel it a great blessing to have a comfortable and quiet home, in the midst of most kind and affectionate friends. The field before us is wide, and the question often arises, "Who is sufficient for these things?" Were it not that sometimes the dear Saviour is pleased to breathe into the soul the gracious assurance, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength is made perfect in weakness," how could we hope to bear any of the burden which, as we advance in years, seems to devolve upon us? May I look unto Jesus, humbly desiring to serve Him from a sense of love and gratitude for all His marvellous love; for His forgiveness; and for His truth.

Third Month 16th, 1856.—Keep alive, O Lord, in my soul a humble but full reliance on Thy atoning mercy for all my past transgressions; and preserve me, I pray Thee, from sinning against Thee. Grant me ability and an increasing willingness to speak well of Thy Holy name. We are not always permitted to live as in the sunshine, in the sense of God's love to a fallen world and to our individual souls. Many are the hindrances to our spiritual enjoyments; and many are the sins of unbelief, of negligence, of forgetfulness, of want of fervour in the pursuit of heavenly things, which prevent our discerning with clearness of vision those glorious things which are held out in the Gospel as the experience of the true believer in Jesus; and when feeling that they are not our *undisturbed* possession we are sometimes tempted to lower the promises down to our experience. The Lord grant that I may more and more highly appreciate the inestimable blessings of the Gospel of peace; and

seek through living faith to become increasingly a partaker of those blessings; so that I may truly abound in love towards Him, earnestly coveting the best gifts as well as the graces of the Holy Spirit.

When I reflect on the salvation which is offered to our acceptance, the full pardon of our sins for the sake of Him who was made sin for us, though He knew no sin, I confidingly believe that my many sins are forgiven me, and for this assurance my heart is at times melted into gratitude and love; but when I look back on many past sins, in which my example of carelessness as to things of the greatest importance must have influenced many; as well as on the many, very many, opportunities in which I might have adorned the doctrine of our Lord, and have been through His blessing made instrumental in bringing souls unto Christ, I am humbled; and my soul is made sad that so much of my precious life and of the few talents which have been committed to me should have been so little improved. I desire that these retrospects may not tend to impede, but that they may rather stimulate my present walk. May I keep truly on the watch so as to embrace every opportunity the Lord may put in my way of magnifying His exceeding grace.

Such was the preparation going on in the heart of Christine M. Alsop for the further important service which was now opening before her.

CHAPTER XIII.

(1856—1857.)

Accompanies Eliza P. Gurney in a visit to the Vaudois Valleys, and other parts of the North of Italy, and to Friends n the South of France — Interview with the widow of the Duke of Orleans at Séstri, and with the Dowager Empress of Russia—Decease of Justine Bénézet—Accompanies Eliza P. Gurney in a visit to Friends of Pyrmont and Minden—Interview with the King and Queen, and his sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia—Nahneebaweequay.

SOON after their removal to Stoke Newington, Robert and Christine M. Alsop accompanied Eliza P. Gurney, (the widow of our late beloved friend, Joseph John Gurney,) in an extensive visit on the Continent, and they were with her again the next year. The first journey, in 1856, embraced a visit to the Vaudois Valleys; where they often found themselves in the track of William Forster, who had previously laboured there in the year 1853. It included also the north of Italy, Turin, Milan, Genoa, and Nice. Near Genoa, Eliza P. Gurney and her companions had an interview with "that lovely Princess," the widow of the Duke of Orleans, at Séstri. They afterwards had a similar interview with the Dowager Empress of Russia (the widow of the Emperor Nicholas), at Nice. Both these visits were of a memorable and interesting

character. From Nice they proceeded to Nîmes and Congénies. In the following year—1857—they paid a visit to the Friends at Pyrmont and Minden, and afterwards proceeded to Berlin, where they were permitted to have two interviews with the King Frederick William, one of which was in company with his Queen and his sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia, whom they had seen at Nice the previous year. The Grand Duke Michael and his intended bride, the Princess Cécile, of Baden, were also present.

Some extracts from Christine M. Alsop's Journal may be interesting to the reader:

Tenth Month 7th, 1856.—Left London. Remained in Paris one day to rest, and on the 9th went by railway to Lyons. The day was fine and the country beautiful. We followed the windings of the rapid and picturesque Arc rolling down among rocks; the road, often encased between high ridges of rocks, in other places presenting beautiful green slopes, surrounded by forests of trees just now presenting a charming aspect by the various tints of the autumn foliage.

We dined at Aiguebelle, and afterwards walked out to see the river and the railroad. The latter is much advanced, and likely to be opened from Aix to St. Jean de Maurienne at the end of this month. We gave a few tracts. Arrived at St. Jean de Maurienne about six. The situation of St. Jean is very picturesque.

Fourth-day 15th.—Set off early for Lanslebourg, and dined at Modane. The drive most beautiful; stupendous rocks often on both sides, with the river

Arc tumbling and foaming as it goes. The autumnal tints adding much beauty to the scenery. The country picturesque, but very poor, nothing growing besides a little rye. It was curious to watch the gradual disappearance of vegetation. At Modane only potatoes and rye; higher still these disappear; and at last nothing but a very few firs. The evening was beautiful. The bright moonlight, the high mountains, the roaring of the waters of the Arc, which we are now going to leave, rendered the scene uncommonly fine.

Fifth-day, 16*th*.—Set off about half-past eight, and were able to enjoy the beautiful views. Lanslebourg lay for a long time at our feet as we wound up the road on the Mont Cenis, the stupendous work of the Imperial road maker. We ascended for five hours and a-half, drawn by two strong mules; our two horses walking behind. At the summit we felt very cold. We got out to warm our feet. There was a little drizzling snow, and a cold wind, and we were glad of the shelter afforded by our little carriage. No vegetation but a little grass. Before we come to the Hospice, there is a small lake. Behind the Hospice a few larch trees make a little break in the desolate appearance. We stopped for a couple of hours to rest at a comfortless, dirty house. We could scarcely find a place to sit down in, but went at last to the large kitchen. There were four or five fine young women; and we heard there were six sisters and two brothers in the family. Gave them some tracts and a Testament; they seemed to value the Testament, although Roman Catholics. Alas! who knows how long they

will keep it. They attend mass at the Hospice. They look forward with pleasure to reading it in their long winter evenings, and as they cannot go to church they will not "confess" till they have read it.

The descent of Mont Cenis to Susa is very grand; first the larch trees make their appearance; then beech, cabbages, turnips, and then the chestnut trees; then vines near Susa. The sun was shining beautifully, casting a beautiful rainbow on the drops of rain which descended on the sides of the opposite mountain.

The little town of Susa is picturesque; the appearance quite Italian. We stayed there several hours, waiting for the train. The inn comfortable and not very expensive.

A journey of about two hours by railway brought us to Turin. A bright moonlight night.

From Turin they proceeded, the next day, by way of Pignerol, to La Tour (Torre Pellice) in the Vaudois Valleys. Christine M. Alsop writes:

Our arrival at La Tour was certainly *damping*, as it rained in torrents, and continued to do so the whole of Seventh-day, First-day, and Second-day. I never witnessed such continuous heavy rain; three days and three nights I think without ceasing. Water pipes from the roofs of the houses discharged themselves by one projecting a couple of feet from the roof into the street below; so that there was a continual tremendous *patter;* and the roaring of the mountain torrents rendered our arrival and first stay here anything but bright and encouraging. Nevertheless, on First-day evening, in spite of the rain, we had

a meeting with about thirty-eight persons at our hotel.

Adèle Rével, the wife of the Moderator, has been most kind. She called to welcome us on our arrival, and has since been most attentive. She and her husband were present at the meeting, as well as several other pastors and their wives. Pastor Tron and his wife are very agreeable persons. E. P. Gurney addressed us very sweetly. Robert and I added a few words. Pastor Rével said that he had been reminded of the saying of the Apostle, "Paul planteth, and Apollos watereth, but God alone giveth the increase." "Our friend William Forster," he added, "now with God, came to sow amongst us precious seed; our dear sister is now come to water it; let us pray that the Lord may be pleased to give it the increase in our hearts, to bear much fruit to His praise." Dear Robert said, "And neither is he that planteth anything, nor he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase." Immediately after this, dear E. P. Gurney supplicated, beginning with the words, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us," &c. It was a solemn time. The prayer was not translated.

On the 21st we visited the Orphanage, established at the suggestion of William Forster. The mistress is a sweet person, a Deaconess from Switzerland. There are twenty-two girls. We took tea in the evening at the Révels. Adèle Rével is very pleasing. She had invited the Trons and Geymonats to meet us. A few others came in afterwards, and we had our certificate read by Pastor Rével. They expressed their satisfaction in warm terms. We then had a very sweet

religious opportunity. In the morning we had also walked to the Hospital; a fine commodious building. They have beds for sixteen, and are generally full.

On Fourth-day, the 22nd, we visited the Ragged School, established by Pastor George Appia for the poorest children; some of them are entirely cared for, others bring their dinner with them. A lady of the name of D'Espine devotes a great deal of time to it. The responsibility for funds rests on Pastor Appia. We also visited the boarding and day school of his sister. It is an excellent institution. We had a religious opportunity with the girls, about sixty in number. Louisa Appia seems well qualified for the post; many of the girls are very pleasing. The children are gentle and submissive as well as intelligent; but they appear somewhat wanting in power and in strength of character. Dear E. P. Gurney's address to them was particularly sweet, and they seemed to feel it to be so. Several of them were in tears as she addressed those who might be able to adopt the language, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

On the 23rd E. P. Gurney attended a meeting held in Louisa Appia's schoolroom. It was an important day for the pastors. They had assembled from various parts to elect two Professors of Theology; Pastors Rével and Geymonat being only there for a time. About 100 came to the meeting; and some of the pastors amongst them. E. P. Gurney spoke at some length on the experience of Peter; his denying his Lord after so much self-confidence.

On the 25th we wrote letters, rested, and visited

Professor Tron in the evening. He and his wife are very kind, and appear earnest Christians. They live in one of the pretty row of houses built by General Beckwith for the Professors of their college, which is close by.

E. P. Gurney and Robert and Christine M. Alsop had meetings at most of the other places in the valleys. Describing their visit to Angrogna, Christine M. Alsop writes:

I felt so stiff and in so much pain that it seemed almost like presumption to think of attempting to go up the mountains on a donkey. I stayed in bed till late in the morning. But when the time came, I did not feel inclined to be left behind; although our friend Rével had offered to interpret for E. P. Gurney; so I mounted my little donkey and started; E. P. Gurney and Fanny in the vehicle—I cannot call it a carriage. Robert walked by the side, stick in hand; one man leading the horse, another minding me and my donkey. How I wish a good photographer could have taken us as we began our ascent; especially if he could have given an adequate view of the magnificent mountains. The morning was splendid. E. P. Gurney walked up all the steep parts. I kept close to my steed, who toiled up with his burden pretty comfortably. Many times did we stop to admire the scenery. We arrived at Angrogna in good time; E. P. Gurney less tired than she expected.

Charles and Caroline Gay received us very warmly, and made E. P. Gurney most comfortable. *We* lodged at the schoolmaster's, which was also very comfort-

able. I was truly glad to rest a little on the bed, which we were told had not been slept in since last year. About seven, the schoolroom was full of people. It was with some difficulty we could pass through the crowd which filled the place; many were standing. It was the most animating sight we have had since we have been here; they seemed the real sort; true mountaineers, and glad to see us amongst them.

After a little explanation of our views on worship, and a time of solemn silence, E. P. Gurney rose with the words, "The voice said, Cry, and I said, What shall I cry?" &c. She spoke on the uncertainty of time; on the state of man by nature; on the rich mercy of God in Christ Jesus; of the necessity of believing what is declared in the sacred volume concerning the Saviour of the world; and that there must be, with this faith, a submitting to the sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit, in order that this great salvation may be ours. She spoke in very encouraging language to those who loved the Lord Jesus in sincerity, and who counted nothing too dear or too near to part with, that they may win Christ and be found in Him; believing that many then present were of this number. In conclusion, she expressed her fervent desire that, as in all probability we should never meet again upon earth, we might, through the fulness and freeness of the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, meet before His throne and each hear the blessed language, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Robert and I added a little to this exhortation; after which I

expressed a few words in prayer. It was striking to observe the great stillness, and to see with how fixed an attention these inhabitants of the mountains, some of whom had come from two or three hours' distance, were drinking in the truths that were declared. At the close, the pastor expressed his thankfulness for the visit, which he believed was united in by the congregation. He then gave out a hymn, which was sung most earnestly at the highest pitch of their voices by the men and women; reminding me of what I have often heard respecting the poor persecuted Protestants of the Cevennes; who, although this psalm-singing exposed them to the severest persecution by indicating the place of their meeting, did not desist. As we left, we had to shake hands with all; sometimes two or three grasping our hands at the same time; and two women kissing dear E. P. Gurney most earnestly. The affection of all and the tears of some were quite touching; and I felt very thankful that I had been there.

This description will give some idea of the general character of the meetings. At one place the pastor and his wife, who had eight children, were very anxious to lodge them all for the night. "The pastor's wife said she would make a very warm fire, and put on one of the largest pieces of wood she could find; have nice clean linen; get another bed, &c.—in fact, she would do everything in her power to serve us." During this visit they had much Christian association with Pastor Lantaret (who still survives, the present venerable Moderator of the Synod), and with some of the

other pastors. Altogether about a month was spent in these valleys.

Proceeding to Genoa, on their way to Nice, they visited the widow of the late Duke of Orleans, who was staying at Séstri. Her popular husband, the eldest son of the late King, Louis Philippe, had died, as will be recollected, from the effects of an accident, in the summer of 1842. She remembered the previous visit of E. P. Gurney and Elizabeth Fry, and expressed much pleasure that she had not been forgotten. Her circumstances had much changed since their last interview. Her pallid, worn, and subdued countenance told that she had been a woman of sorrow; yet there was in her deportment the evidence that she was supported; and no murmur escaped her lips. Christine M. Alsop writes:

After a time of silence, E. P. Gurney addressed her very sweetly, beginning with the passage, "In the Lord's hand there is a cup; it is full of mixture." She alluded to the many afflictions which had been her portion, but encouraged her to believe that the Lord afflicteth in mercy, and that it is only the wicked who have to drink of the *dregs* of this cup. They that feared the Lord would be preserved even in the midst of sore tribulation. This E. P. Gurney believed had been the case with the Duchess; and she expressed the trust that it would be so to the end, if there were a keeping close in faith unto Him who is able to heal every wound. The Duchess thanked us warmly for the visit, and expressed her

wish that we should visit the widowed ex-Queen of the French at Claremont on our return to England.

On their arrival at Nice, they found that the Dowager Empress of Russia, (the widow of the Emperor Nicholas), who was in poor health, was passing the winter there; and as E. P. Gurney did not feel easy to leave without attempting an interview, one was at last obtained, though with some difficulty: as they were told that up to that time the Empress had lived *incognito*. The visit seemed much appreciated. She referred with much interest to the visit of Joseph Sturge, Robert Charleton, and Henry Pease, who had gone to Petersburg to address the Emperor Nicholas previously to the Crimean War. As they parted the Empress said, "I hope a blessing will attend your being in this room."

Before E. P. Gurney entered upon the visit to the Friends in the South of France, Robert Alsop was summoned home to the dying bed of his mother. She was a valued minister of the Gospel among Friends. He was in time to receive her last loving recognition, and to witness her peaceful close. He afterwards joined his wife and E. P. Gurney at Congénies, continuing with them till their return home.

It was a little before this time, in the winter of 1855, that Christine M. Alsop's cousin, Justine Bénézet, who had become the wife of Jules Paradon, was called to her Heavenly rest.

When we were in France last winter (Christine M. Alsop writes in her journal), she appeared failing as to bodily health, though bright and lively in spirit. She soon became alarmingly ill; and, after many weeks of excruciating suffering, which she was enabled to bear with exemplary patience, joy, and resignation, she died in the peace of her Lord, leaving a sorrowing husband and a little boy two years old. She will be much missed by the scattered few under our name in the South of France, amongst whom she had been for many years a faithful labourer. She was a truly humble, devoted Christian, sound in doctrine and exemplary in life.

In the summer of the following year, 1857, Robert and Christine M. Alsop accompanied E. P. Gurney on a visit to the Friends in Germany. They afterwards went to Potsdam, in the hope of seeing the King of Prussia, partly from a feeling of religious interest, and partly to represent to him the case of a poor prisoner they had visited, named Müller, who was subjected to great suffering for refusing to bear arms. On the day fixed for the interview E. P. Gurney was ill in bed, and quite unable to go. Robert and Christine M. Alsop were therefore obliged to go alone. On their explaining to the King the cause of her absence, he said he should much have liked to have seen her, as he had a sweet remembrance of Elizabeth Fry—Madame Fry, as he called her. They told him of the religious interest E. P. Gurney had felt about him, and of the sufferings

of the young man, Müller. The King said, in French "Oh, that is too bad; I am so glad that you can tell me that it is really a case of conscience; for there is the difficulty." Another interview was arranged on the 23rd of Seventh Month; when they had an interesting opportunity with the King and Queen, and his sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia. Her son, the Grand Duke Michael, and his intended bride, the Princess Cécile, of Baden, were also present. The King told them, that all was arranged with regard to the young man, Müller; and that he believed he was going to England. E. P. Gurney addressed the whole company very impressively. The King was very serious, and the Queen appeared much touched. The Grand Duke had his eyes fixed on E. P. Gurney during the whole time she spoke. "They came forward" writes Christine M. Alsop, "to shake hands with us as we parted; and I doubt whether we shall ever see such a company again."

At one of the German watering places E. P. Gurney remained a short time for the benefit of the baths. Whilst there, they had a religious meeting in the assembly room of the establishment at which they were staying. They also embraced opportunities of religious intercourse with several of the visitors. Thence they proceeded to Basle, Neufchâtel, and Lausanne; concluding their labours by a few days' rest at Chamounix

previously to returning home. In the retrospect of this journey Christine M. Alsop writes:

We have much to be thankful for in the experience which has been granted of the protecting and forbearing mercy of the Shepherd of Israel. He has graciously preserved us both in heights and in depths. To Him alone be the praise.

Once more settled at their peaceful home, other objects crowded upon them. The welfare of the aboriginal races in various parts of the world had long been an object of deep interest to Robert and Christine M. Alsop. Nahneebaweequay, the daughter of a chief of one of the aboriginal tribes of British North America, from the neighbourhood of Owen's Sound, Lake Huron, Canada West, came over to England in the early part of the year 1860, with the object of pleading the cause of her people in this country, and of representing it to the Queen; more especially as regards the Indian reservations in Canada. She was alone and unprotected, and without pecuniary means.

Robert and Christine M. Alsop entered warmly into her case, and received Nahneebaweequay into their house, where she remained four months; during which time she obtained an interview with the Queen, Christine M. Alsop accompanying her. The Queen was pleased to manifest her deep interest in Nahneebaweequay; but as the question of the lands had been previously settled, by giving them over to the local government, nothing very

important could be accomplished for her people. But the effort was not altogether in vain. Much private interest was elicited, and substantial help afforded to not a few of them.

Nahneebaweequay was, by descent, a pure Indian. She was a true Christian woman, having been converted in early life. Her husband, William Sutton, was an Englishman, rather older than herself, who, she used to say, "had gone over to Canada, when in his teens, from a sense of duty towards the Indians, and had become an Indian that he might be useful to them." During her stay with Robert and Christine M. Alsop she gave birth to a son, who was named Alsop Albert Edward.

The morning on which they left Liverpool, on their return to America, it was touching to see Christine M. Alsop carrying this little one in her arms on board the large steamer; evidently feeling the parting from him, as from a loved and cherished object of her affection. Nahneebaweequay lived only about three years after her return home, and died in great peace. Her husband still survives. They had a large family, of whom "Alsop" is the youngest but two. He is now grown up, and is a young man of great promise; some of the money which was given to his mother having been used for his education, with the hope that he would become what his mother so ardently desired—a Christian missionary among his people.

CHAPTER XIV.

(1859—1876.)

Quiet reflections; Death of her niece, Marie L. Dixon—Reminiscences by her niece, Louisa M. Dixon (now Pierson), of her residence with her Aunt; and of her Aunt's association with some members of the Royal Family.

HOW sweet and full of profit are those seasons when the humble believer is permitted to be alone with God. How gladly, amidst the pressure of manifold occupation, does he avail himself of the precious opportunity, not for indolent musing or inaction, but to "rest in the Lord"; and, in waiting upon Him, to renew his strength.

Such an opportunity was now given to Christine M. Alsop.

First Month 7th, 1859.—For the last few days I have been confined to the house with indisposition, and have had much time for quiet meditation. My eyes being affected, I have not read much, but my whole life has been as it were unrolled before me. How varied the picture! Some spots deeply marked by trial; others abounding in unmerited favours. What shades cover the recollection of the many opportunities which might have been embraced for doing good, for winning souls to Christ, which have been, alas! either wholly neglected; or, at best, very feebly used. As I look back upon my many mercies and multiplied

opportunities, and recall the tender and often-repeated pleadings of that loving Saviour, who willeth not that any should perish; I have only to confess that to me nothing belongs but blushing and confusion of face. I am ready to marvel at the long-suffering mercy of my Heavenly Father in preserving me to this hour; and in still condescending to put His praise into my mouth, and, as I believe, commissioning me from time to time to speak unto others of the riches of His grace. How comforting are the words of Jesus, "Her sins which are many are forgiven her, for she *loved* much." And He said to the woman, "Thy faith hath saved thee, go in peace." In the full persuasion that the same mercy has been displayed towards me, how does my soul crave that I may be replenished with this living faith, this holy love, producing a readiness to do all the Lord's commandments, and to suffer all His will.

For the last year home has been, as I believe, our right allotment. It is about two years since I was summoned to attend my dear niece Marie L. Dixon on her death-bed. My husband and I were in Paris, with our beloved friend E. P. Gurney. I at once returned to England, and hastened to Whitehaven. But it was too late. On my arrival all was over. Poor Marie had not had her wish, to see her loved aunt. I felt the event deeply, as she was more like a daughter to me than a niece. I have reason to believe that she fell asleep in Jesus. The bereaved husband and three helpless children became objects of my sympathy and solicitude; and after staying a month with them it was concluded that I should take charge of the eldest

little girl, my sweet little Louisa; my dear husband kindly agreeing to the plan. Her father brought her to us in the Third Month, 1857, and she has since been under our charge. The step appeared a right one, as the dear child seemed to come so naturally to our share; there being no one else to take the place of a mother. At the same time it has been my earnest desire that the care of this precious charge may not in any way hinder the fulfilment of other duties.

This beloved niece (now by her marriage Louisa M. Pierson) has herself given some account of her early life thus spent with her uncle and aunt at Stoke Newington; and of the intercourse which Christine M. Alsop was, from time to time, permitted to enjoy with members of the Royal family. She has kindly allowed me to place the following extracts at the disposal of the reader:

In the review of the time spent with my aunt I feel what a privilege it has been to have lived under such an influence. My mother, Marie Louise Majolier, with her two brothers, was left motherless at an early age. She was educated in England, and the house of Mr. and Mrs. Alsop in London became her home for some months previously to her marriage.

When my mother married, her new home was in the North of England, in Cumberland. It was a trial to my aunt, who loved her dearly, that she was obliged to settle so far away. After five years of married life, my mother died; leaving three children, myself the eldest, and two brothers. Mrs. Alsop was thus a second time called upon to act a mother's part; and I,

in turn, received that tender love and watchful care which had made my mother's life so happy. I was between four and five years of age when my father took me to London, and left me with my dear aunt; and thenceforth, till I was of age to take charge of my father's house, most of my life was spent with her. During those years I accompanied my uncle and aunt in many delightful visits to their friends in different parts of England, to which I can now trace the beginning of many a lasting friendship. I also travelled with them when they went to France and Switzerland; our chief destination being Congénies, where my grandfather lived.

Her visits to her native village were always times of great rejoicing; and the warmest of French welcomes awaited her, both there and also at Nîmes, where she was well known. Indeed, wherever she went she won the love and respect of all with whom she came in contact.

The Countess de Selon was one of my aunt's dear friends, whom she frequently visited. It was at her house that my aunt became intimate with Count Cavour; and acquainted with his private life and family troubles. At home, the life of two earnest workers like my uncle and aunt, was full of occupation. and their house was the resort of people of the most varied conditions.

One of my greatest treats, the full value of which I did not realise as a child, was to go with my aunt to Buckingham Palace, or Windsor; where she had the extreme pleasure of seeing the young princes and princesses from time to time. She had become

known to them in this way. Madame Rollande, a great friend of my aunt, became French governess to the Royal family. My aunt often visited her; and, in consequence, often saw the Royal children. Her sweet manners won their love; and they very early gave her the name of "La Bonne Dame." They wrote and spoke to her chiefly in French. It was natural that Her Majesty the Queen should often hear her children speak of "La chère Bonne Dame;" and that the Queen should inquire of Madame Rollande who the lady was. Her Majesty was informed that Mrs. Alsop had spent most of her early life as the adopted child of William Allen, who had been a kind friend and one of the executors of the Duke of Kent. The Queen remembered his name, and wished my aunt to be told that Her Majesty was graciously pleased to allow the continuance of intercourse between the Royal children and Mrs. Alsop.

From that time many were the interesting visits paid by my aunt to Buckingham Palace. I accompanied her in most of them, and was most kindly received. I should have forgotten many details had not my aunt liked to tell me of things I had said as a child. One of these occasions was a most special visit, when the Queen herself had expressed a wish to see her. Being myself unable to accompany my aunt, Mrs. Ashby, of Staines, went with her. The interview that followed was deemed the most rare privilege. The conversation was carried on in French, a gracious courtesy to a French woman. Incidentally the Queen expressed her approval that my aunt still retained her "pretty costume," as she termed it—*i.e.*, that of the

Friends. These visits were looked upon by my aunt as involving a grave responsibility—a responsibility which increased as the Royal children grew up. She accepted them as an opportunity given her by God of interesting those in high position in the welfare of the poor and suffering. They indeed always showed the greatest sympathy for all good works; and were ever ready to give their support to efforts made to promote the well-being of suffering humanity.

This intercourse was much aided by the courtesy of the different ladies who held the position of governess to the Royal family; and between them and my dear aunt the kindly feeling deepened into lasting friendship.

As time passed on, and the Royal marriages took place, it was, on each occasion, a great pleasure to my aunt to give something of her own work. This was always accepted with the kindest acknowledgment. So much was her work admired that she had the honour of knitting a *couvre-pied* for the Queen. My aunt was very clever with her fingers, and was an adept in knitting, which she called her "play-work." Of her skill the Crown Princess of Prussia says, in thanking her for some baby shoes: "They are so beautifully worked that the best knitters here cannot succeed in copying them."

In times of special joy and sorrow my aunt always wrote to express such true and kindly sympathy as could not but touch a chord in loving hearts, such as theirs are known to be. One sad occasion, which called for the deepest sympathy, was the death of the Prince Consort; for whose noble character she had the greatest regard. To one having

these feelings of loyalty the "Life of the Prince Consort" was made doubly interesting by coming as a gift from the Queen, with the following message, sent through Mademoiselle Norel, in French: — "The Queen sends you the first volume of the Life of the Prince Consort, which Her Majesty thinks you have not perhaps got; and which will interest you, more especially from the attachment you have always felt towards the Royal family, by which Her Majesty has been much touched."

The death of the beloved Princess Alice was very deeply felt by my dear aunt. She had received, but a few days before, a most kind letter from the Princess herself, through her secretary—the Baroness de Grancy —expressing thanks for a letter relating to the loss of her child, whom she was so soon to follow. With the letter came also a very sweet photograph of the Princess.

Mrs. Alsop received many little gifts from the Royal family—chiefly photographs; the most valuable being one—cabinet size—of the Queen, from Her Majesty herself, with her autograph upon it. Another gift was Her Majesty's book—"Our Tour in the Highlands."

At the time of my aunt's greatest bereavement, when she lost her dear husband, the heartfelt Royal sympathy was very precious to her. The Queen at once sent a message of condolence; and of the kind letters received from the Princesses, one from the Princess Christian was full of the sweetest comfort. The Queen's message, again sent through Mademoiselle Norel, ran thus: — "Her Majesty deeply shares your sorrow, and has charged me to

express all her regrets, and the hope that you will be sustained in this affliction by the One that you and good Mr. Alsop have always served with so much zeal. The Queen desires to have the photographs of you both, if you have any." On receiving this message my aunt, amid her own overwhelming sorrow, felt the consideration due to the Queen, and asked me to fetch her writing materials. I raised her in bed, and supported her whilst she wrote a letter of grateful acknowledgment, and enclosed photographs of herself and her husband: the latter I put in the envelope for her.

My uncle's decease was indeed a sorrow from which she never wholly recovered. Not that she gave way to her grief. She continued her work, feeling that he would have it so; and to the end interested herself in the well-being of others. Those who knew her best, however, noted that her pleasures now lay in the future. I feel that others will say so much about the beautiful affection and qualities which seemed so well balanced between the husband and wife, that I should occupy too much space were I to enlarge on the subject. My home was with them for nearly fifteen years, and afterwards I saw them for some part of each year. During that time their devotion to each other was most touching. The one seemed to have the qualities most needed by the other; and the work of each was full of interest to both. A more perfect union in this life I cannot imagine.

It grieved me to be living so far away from her after her loss; as it would have been a great happiness to see her oftener in her time of loneliness. She was

not, however, without near relations to brighten her days; for within a few minutes' walk lived her nephew, Edward Majolier, with his wife and family, who were constant in their attentions. In her house she had the great comfort of a tried and trusted attendant, who had given her many years of devoted service, and who had become additionally endeared to her from having nursed my uncle through a dangerous illness in Paris.

After my marriage, I stayed with my aunt some time every year; and during my last visit in the early spring of 1879, my husband became known to her. He is so thankful to have done so. When we parted from her, it was with her blessing. He saw her once again, just after the "Yearly Meeting," little thinking that it was the last time. I was not so fortunate. The great shock came upon me suddenly, when all was over, and I could no longer see the aunt I so dearly loved, and who had been to me all that a mother could be.

But we are anticipating; and must, in the next chapter, once more resume the thread of the narrative.

CHAPTER XV.

(1857—1867.)

Journey on the Continent with John Henry Douglas—Distress in the East-end of London—Children's Hospital.

BUT little had occurred since her last journey with E. P. Gurney, in 1857, to interrupt the ordinary current of Christine M. Alsop's life. Engagements at home, where, with her husband, she appeared ever active in doing good; with occasional visits to their friends in England, and in the South of France and Switzerland, fully occupied their time. With an equal horror both of slavery and of war, they had watched with mingled emotion the awful conflict in the United States; and had rejoiced together in the great result—the final extinction of American slavery.

Like other friends of the anti-slavery cause, they had taken a lively interest in the mission of Levi Coffin to this country,* and in the efforts of the Freedmen's Aid Association, and of other kindred societies, on behalf of the Freedmen.

An interval of several years had elapsed since any Friend from the United States had paid a visit to Europe. The spring of 1865 was made

* *See* "Reminiscences of Levi Coffin," p. 659.

memorable by the close of the civil war, and the assassination of President Lincoln. The hearts of Friends in America had once more leisure to think of their brethren in the mother country; and in the autumn of that year, John Henry Douglas, from Western Ohio, was liberated by the Yearly Meeting of Indiana for a Gospel Mission to Friends and others in these islands, and on the Continent. He was then in the prime of early manhood, though in somewhat feeble health; and was accompanied by his friend, Murray Shipley, of Cincinnati, Ohio, who proved a truly generous and efficient helper. They arrived in England in the early part of the year 1866, and after the attendance of the Yearly Meeting in London, Robert and Christine M. Alsop thought it right to unite with them in their journey on the Continent in the autumn of that year. Besides the little companies of Friends, their labours embraced many other places in the South of France, in the valleys of Piedmont, and in Switzerland and the North of Italy.

The following are from Christine M. Alsop's letters and memoranda:

(*To Mary Sophia Pace.*)

ZURICH, *Eighth Month 12th*, 1866,
First-day.

. . . Till now we have had no day of rest; and the demands on my small stock of health and strength

have seemed almost greater than could be supplied; but "hitherto the Lord has helped us."

At Basle—or rather about three miles from Basle—we called upon Christopher Frederick Spittler, the venerable founder of so many institutions for the poor. We found him in a small upper room, with everything about him very homely, but clean and comfortable. He is eighty-four years of age; still alive to everything that is good, and even now meditating the establishment of a home for the education of coloured missionaries, of whom he has already five from Africa in the Chrischona, two miles off, at the top of the hill above Richen. He remembers, with much affection, William Allen, Stephen Grellet, and William and Josiah Forster. He told me that William Allen gave him the first subscription he received for the Institution for Poor Children at Beuggen. His daughter and son live with him; the latter, Marcus Spittler, has been in England, and speaks English well. He acted as our interpreter. We afterwards visited the Chrischona, an establishment for training missionaries from the humbler walks of life in practical labour. There is a farm of seventy acres attached to it, and at this time of the year the inmates are occupied in agriculture. They also learn carpentering, shoemaking, and all sorts of household work. The situation of the house is very picturesque, on the Western edge of the Black Forest, commanding a panoramic view of great extent and beauty. After a homely repast with them, the inmates of the house remained, and our friends, John Henry Douglas and Murray Shipley, both addressed them as they sat around the table. We afterwards

spent about an hour at the school at Beuggen. It is in an old baronial hall, with a moat and battlements all around. Murray Shipley proposed collecting the children in the court-yard at the foot of the stone steps at the front door. This was no sooner said than done; and, at a very slight intimation from the Master, they all came flocking around us; eager to listen to whatever should be communicated. The teachers also, and students preparing for teachers, together with the female part of the household, all assembled. Murray Shipley spoke a few words to the children in a very telling and interesting manner. John Henry Douglas followed, addressing the teachers and other persons present on the blessedness of being called to the work of the Lord; and on the supreme importance to the Gospel minister of "knowing nothing save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." All this in the dim twilight of an autumnal evening, under the canopy of Heaven, with the stars coming forth in their appointed courses to their nightly watch, presented a striking scene.

The chaplain of the Institution, Reinhardt, is a brother of N. Zeller, the former principal. Seldom have I seen a more heavenly countenance. Every feature seemed to speak of the feeling within; and as he took hold of both my hands at parting, he said, in German, "We shall probably never meet again on earth; let us take comfort in the thought that we shall meet above where partings are no more."

VEYTRAUX, *Eighth Month 19th*, 1866.
First-day.

We four have just had our little meeting. It was a time of comfort and refreshment; in which prayer was offered both for our little band and the many loved ones, who, like ourselves, were seeking to worship God in spirit. We are now at a quiet boarding house, at a considerable height above the Chateau de Chillon, with the peaceful Lake of Geneva at our feet, the rocky mountains of the Diablerets in front, and the beautiful Dent du Midi on our left; the latter covered with snow. The scene last evening as we arrived just at sunset was lovely beyond anything that I can describe.

Arrangements are made for two meetings to-day; one in this house, and the other at the little town of Villeneuve.

TURIN, *Eighth Month 28th*, 1866.

[*Referring to the cholera in London.*]

We have thought much of you all during this time of trial. Sometimes I have wished that I could have laboured with you for the benefit of the poor sufferers; though I feel that my bodily health would not have allowed of much personal service; but glad should I be to encourage others and hold up their hands. If, in infinite mercy, our concern for the souls and bodies of men is answered in even a few of those for whom we labour; will not that be a full and all-sufficient reward? How condescending is the mercy of God, thus to accept our poor service and to crown it with success. He who knew what would be the greatest enjoyment of the renewed soul, has thus been pleased

to give His children work to do for Him in the earth. May we thankfully receive it as a great privilege, and labour on, each in the sphere allotted us, in the full assurance of faith that, "the day will declare it," and that our labour will not be in vain in the Lord."

At Milan we called upon G. D. Turin, the Pastor of the Vaudois Church, and a hearty, simple Christian. My husband and I met him at Nice ten years ago. He readily agreed to give up his First-day evening meeting, and to interpret what might be said. About sixty persons assembled, most of them converts from Romanism. J. H. Douglas addressed them from the passage, "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature." Yesterday evening we had a meeting in the Church of the Italian Converts, to which the attenders of other churches were invited. It proved an animating and comforting time.

Their visit amongst the pastors and their congregations in the Vaudois Valleys was a time of deep interest; though they had often much anxiety in consequence of John Henry Douglas's feeble state of health. Of the last meeting there Christine M. Alsop writes:

It was held in the chapel adjoining the largest Vaudois Church, and was attended by between one and two hundred persons. J. H. Douglas was so poorly that it had seemed doubtful whether he could go. He was, however, able to be present, and was greatly helped; Auguste Meille beautifully interpreting.

Having next accomplished their service amongst the Friends in the South of France, Christine M. Alsop writes:

We left Congénies last Third-day, but it was not till Seventh-day that I parted with the last of my beloved relatives—dear Lydie having accompanied us to Annonay and Valence. Dear sister! she is so devotedly attached to me, so kind, so indefatigable, that we all greatly miss her; and at every parting I cannot but feel that our next meeting is more and more uncertain. J. H. Douglas's visit has been a remarkable one; and I feel no doubt that, under the Divine blessing, it will be productive of much good. His Master has been near to help; and often, to our and to his astonishment, out of weakness he has been made strong, and has been enabled to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, in the demonstration of the Spirit and with power.

In the winter of 1866-67, Robert Alsop accompanied John Henry Douglas throughout his visit to Friends in England and Ireland; and again in the summer of 1867, in his visit to Norway and Sweden, and the little meetings of Friends in Germany. This was not the first time that Christine M. Alsop's faith had been proved by the trial of parting with her beloved husband. Soon after their marriage he had spent several weeks in attendance upon his valued friends John and Martha Yeardley, in Belgium; and in 1850 he had been engaged for a much longer period, as

the companion of William Forster in his visit to Switzerland and the North of Italy, in connection with the presentation of the Address on Slavery on behalf of the Yearly Meeting.*

During these intervals of lengthened separation, Christine M. Alsop endeavoured to rise above her own present feeling of loneliness, and cheerfully to lend her husband to what she believed to be the Lord's service. Nor was her self-sacrifice unrequited. He wrote to her almost daily; his thoughts occasionally clothing themselves in verse, to which the reality of truth gave its own charm. It is thus that he greets her from Milan, during his absence in Italy with William Forster, in 1850:

TO MY DEAREST C——.

More swift than bird of swiftest wing, than eagle seen from far,
E'en as the rays of silver light from yonder beauteous star;
Such is the viewless speed of mind, from space and matter free,
So, quickly do my thoughts reach home—*my* home, my love and thee.
For though Italia spreads her charms, her hills, and air and sky,
Her mornings fair, and glowing eve of gold and purple dye;

* *See* "Memoirs of the Life of William Forster" vol. ii. pp. 283-288.

Cities of fame, and rivers old, that murmur as they flow,
And Alpine crags that tower above unmeasured wastes of snow;
Bright be the mimic sculptor's art, and pleasant to the eye,
Those graceful forms I might enjoy, if thou wert standing by,—
As wrought in gold and chisell'd stone with such surpassing skill,
That they whose semblances they bear, seem all but breathing still;
And though Milania's lofty dome, into the clear blue sky,
A marble forest richly rears its pyramids on high;
'Tis not the love of things like these, or change that bids me roam;
'Tis duty points my cheerful path, and yet I sigh for home.
I see amidst these very things, which claim the wondering eye,
That which in words admits the truth, but doth its power deny.
I feel these things are not of Him, whose life He for us gave;
They are not of His simple truth, nor of His power to save.
Of oldest, loftiest earthly things, how far are they less high
Than yon ethereal vault of blue—the ancient, solemn sky;
How pale before the altar burns the sickly taper's ray,
How bright the light those walls exclude of Heaven's free gift of day.

Just so the systems built by man, the Gospel to adorn,
While priestly mediators rise, the Saviour's glory shorn,
Till names of blasphemy are writ and shamelessly unfurled,
Of many gods and many lords, as in the Pagan world.
There is a power of pride hath bowed the nations to her name,
With lying wonders mixed with truth, and arts, and pomp, and fame;
And thus great Babylon hath raised her mystic throne on high,
And they who would not bear her mark have borne their doom to die.
Albeit, pure and holy thoughts His Spirit breathes e'en there,
And they who truly seek His face may know "the house of prayer."
In temples made with human hands He dwelleth not again,
Nor can the higher heaven of heavens His Majesty contain;
But in the humble mind He bids a living temple rise,
One Holy Priest, and only He, for ever in the skies,
Whose watchful and unslumbering ear attends our feeblest call,
Himself our Sacrifice, our Life, our Light, our Hope, our All.*

* Other verses from Robert Alsop's pen may be found in the Appendix to his wife's "Tribute" to his memory.

The following are from her correspondence with her husband during his journey with John Henry Douglas:

Twelfth Month 30th, 1866.—I hope that you will both be encouraged and strengthened. Though tarrying at home, and often feeling lonely, I rejoice to know that I have some interest in the work of faith and labour of love in which you are engaged. May the Lord bless you and establish the work of your hands! Thy account of the state of things in our Society where you have been is encouraging. May we not hope that we are at the dawn of a brighter day? Sometimes I seem to see it coming; and then clouds intervene; but we must hope on and hope ever. As long as we are endeavouring to do *our* part—our *little* part—we must trust to the all-availing power of the Holy Spirit, without which all our puny efforts are vain.

First Month 1st, 1867.—The clock strikes twelve, and I hear the firing of the guns ushering in the new year. To think that 1866 is now to be remembered with the years that are past for ever; with all its interests, all its trials, all its shortcomings, all the sins which have clung to us, all the wonderful events which have distinguished it, and also with all the mercies which have followed us and for which we cannot be sufficiently thankful. O God, our merciful Father, wilt Thou forgive us for the past for Jesus' sake, and help us to love Thee more, and to serve Thee better for the future. If Thou permittest us to work for Thee a little longer, grant the blessing of Thy grace, that we may do it with

more zeal, more willingness, more joy. On looking back on the year that has just closed upon us, there is much to cause blushing and confusion of face. We would bring all to the foot of the cross, and beseech Thee to forgive for Jesus' sake. Hear, Lord, the petition of Thy handmaid, on behalf of herself and her dearest treasure upon earth. Be with us now as we approach the decline of life; sustain us by the good hope through grace unto the end; and give us some work to do for that Saviour who hath loved us and given Himself for us.

They who walk in the light of that love which "thinketh no evil," will know how to understand and appreciate the following, as an illustration of her habit of thinking aloud:

STOKE NEWINGTON,
Fourth Month 5th, 1867.

We who have been brought up under a different order of things are naturally afraid lest some of the gallant barks should get into the *shallows* and become entangled in the weeds. We must pray that He whom we desire to serve may order all things for His own praise. May we have no other will but His, and, whilst holding the truth without wavering, may He enable us to give up all that may be merely the result of prejudice and education, if it be not according to His truth. We cannot but rejoice at the increase of earnestness and zeal, if it be according to knowledge. Thy report of the ministry in the meetings which you have visited rejoices my heart. Oh, that there were more amongst us truly brought under the Lord's preparing hand for this work. What a difference would this produce in

our meetings for worship. It would be a blessed change. We should not, I think, need the formal reading of the Scriptures in these meetings. Unless there be life, everything of an outward character may become, and does become, a form. Still I do so feel the importance of the close study of the Scriptures, as the volume graciously designed for our "instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect and throughly furnished unto all goods works," that I am always afraid to say anything like discouraging their being read at any time.

(*To her Husband, returning from Norway*).

. *24th of Seventh Month*, 1867.

. . . Truly the Lord has been better to me than all my fears; and now thy letter brings the glad news that I may hope soon to have you here. It is indeed a joy to think that, if all be well, this letter will meet thee once more in old England.

These feelings are much sobered down by the thought of having so soon to part from our loved "son." * I sometimes think of this with real sorrow. At the same time I feel that we must not wish to keep him from the dear ones at home, if his work is done; and the fact of thy being restored to me will make the parting easier.

John Henry Douglas returned to America in the autumn of 1867; and Robert and Christine M. Alsop were once more set at liberty for their

* J. H. Douglas—the affectionate designation which she often applied to her younger Christian brother.

more immediate duties at home. These were now becoming urgent. The winter of 1867-68 will be long remembered as a time of great distress in the East-end of London. Christine M. Alsop was well aware of the vast importance to the poor of good habits, of order and cleanliness, of domestic and social economy; and at once gave her mind to co-operate with others in a work already initiated—the establishment of a "sewing-class" for mothers on the premises of the "Bedford Institute," in Spitalfields. This was afterwards carried on for several years with the co-operation of the East-end Relief Committee. About 500 women were thus enabled to keep their families from starvation. They came five days in the week, for five hours a day, 250 at a time; each receiving twopence an hour. The whole was under the care of a Committee of "Friends." The arrangements were very simple. The Scriptures were regularly read, and an opportunity was afforded for the giving of Christian counsel, and the manifestation of sympathy and love.

The influence thus exerted was, it is believed, greatly blessed to many. Some, who entered the classes in a state of great ignorance and degradation, became changed both in their conduct and appearance, and greatly improved in their work. Not a few, who had never been in the habit of attending a place of worship, were brought to the knowledge of their Saviour, and to a desire to live

according to His will. The effort was kept up, to the extent above-mentioned, during two winters and part of one summer; and afterwards for several years on a smaller scale. In this work Christine M. Alsop was an active assistant, not only as Treasurer of the Committee, whilst her health admitted, but by personal attendance two or three times a week at the sewing-class; seeking in the love of Christ to gather the poor women who attended to His fold of rest.

The "Children's Hospital" at the East-end, under the care of "Friends," was another favourite object of her Christian solicitude, where her labours were greatly valued. The inmates of the alms-houses, near the meeting-house at Stoke Newington, were also often visited. Her home work continued unremitting; and, as we shall see, the interval that had now passed since her last Continental journey had been fraught with many valuable lessons for the future, which she had not been slow to learn.

CHAPTER XVI.

(1870—1871.)

Labours in France after the Franco-German War.

THE breaking out of the Franco-German war in the autumn of 1870, was an event which deeply afflicted the mind of Christine M. Alsop. Though England was the land of her adoption, she could not forget her native country; and it was with feelings akin to anguish that she watched the progress of the awful struggle.

The Society of Friends were not behindhand in the manifestation of their practical sympathy. Their representative Committee in London acted in a manner worthy of its time-honoured name, "The Meeting for Sufferings." At its first monthly session after the taking of Sedan, the subject was introduced to the meeting, under deep feeling, by our late dear friend John Hodgkin. His earnest appeal was warmly responded to, and a committee, under the name of the "War Victims Committee," was at once organised for the relief of the peasantry and other non-combatant sufferers in France and Germany. The appointment involved patient and continuous effort.* Large sums of money were

* The following are the names of the executive committee in London, upon whom much of the home-labour necessarily de-

collected and carefully administered. Altogether 640 packages of bedding and clothing were distributed, together with 850 sacks of seed-corn. A steam plough and oxen were also taken over to help to lighten the labour. Many Friends, amongst whom the late Thomas Whitwell, of Stockton-on-Tees, will be long remembered, went over to Paris, Metz, and other places, personally to aid in this mission of love. Several were attacked by fever or small-pox at Metz; one of whom—Ellen Allen, a niece of Richard Allen, of Dublin, who was himself dangerously ill with erysipelas—ultimately fell a sacrifice to her zeal and devotion.* Others, besides members of the Society, assisted in the blessed work; among whom it is only right to enumerate the names of Augusta Fry, (a grandaughter of Elizabeth Fry), and Elizabeth Barclay; the latter of whom nursed Ellen Allen throughout her illness, and saw her remains placed in the coffin, at the imminent risk of her

volved:—Arthur Albright, Joseph Beck, Thomas Gates Darton, Charles Hoyland, Eliot Howard, Edwin R. Ransome, Edmund Sturge and John Taylor.

* "Out of twelve of our number," writes John Bellows, in his interesting pamphlet, 'The Track of the War around Metz,' "who were at Metz when I arrived, or who came while I was there, *eight* have been ill, five of them with small-pox." (p. 74). See also "The Villages around Metz," by Robert Spence Watson, another of the earnest labourers; and the thrilling narrative by James Hack Tuke, entitled, "A Visit to Paris in the Spring of 1871, on behalf of the War Victims Fund."

own life. James Long, also, throughout the work, rendered essential service by his assiduous and wisely-directed labours.

In the Fifth Month of 1871, occurred the fearful outbreak of the "Commune." The news that Paris was in flames reached London during one of the early sittings of the Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends; in which, as will be remembered, the men and women occupy separate apartments for the transaction of their respective business. Christine M. Alsop was deeply affected. She loved the land of her birth with all the devotion of the French character. Rising amongst her sisters, with undisguised emotion, she asked for a pause in the business of the Women's Meeting, in order that her friends might unite with her in prayer for her "poor country." Very impressive was the opportunity that followed; and many fervent petitions ascended to the throne of grace that this awful calamity might be over-ruled for the good of the French nation.

Before the Yearly Meeting closed, three Addresses were prepared and issued. One of them was a loving letter of sympathy and warm appeal to Christians. The second was addressed to the more educated classes of the French people in general, and contained an exposition of the fundamental truths of the Gospel, as the one remedy which France needed. The third was a short and simple

appeal to the people at large, which might be distributed, as it were, broadcast.*

* The following are the copies of the Addresses above referred to:—

No. I.

FROM THE CHRISTIAN SOCIETY OF FRIENDS, COMMONLY CALLED QUAKERS, AT THEIR ANNUAL ASSEMBLY IN LONDON.

TO ALL IN FRANCE WHO LOVE THE LORD JESUS CHRIST IN SINCERITY.

DEAR FRIENDS,—During the course of the late dreadful war, with all its attendant calamities, our sympathies for you have often been called forth; and especially have they been awakened by the intelligence reaching us, during the last few days, of the fearful events passing in your capital. But what must have been *your* distress and anguish of spirit in actually witnessing horrors, the report of which, even at our distance from the scene of them, has so filled our hearts with sorrow?

In view of these things, our prayers as a Church have been offered up for you that, in this your deep affliction, you may find help and comfort in realising that "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." Overwhelming as are these calamities, let us confidingly trust that, through the wonder-working power of the Most High, they will be overruled for the good of those who truly love and fear Him. May the number of these be largely increased! And seeing that "when the Lord's judgments are in the earth" it is mercifully designed that "the inhabitants of the world" should "learn righteousness," we pray that, even by these things, the hearts of many may be turned to the Lord.

The sad fruits of man's depravity in the fall, which are seen all around us, and which have been so fearfully manifested in your capital, should lead us all more fervently to cherish the Gospel of Christ as the only and all-sufficient remedy for the sins and sorrows of our fallen world. Precious alike to you and to ourselves is that Gospel in its wondrous adaptation to the needs of all. It is the message of a Father's love, inviting all to be reconciled to Him through the death of His Son; and assuring

Robert and Christine M. Alsop offered to be the bearers of these Addresses. The offer was accepted by the Yearly Meeting; and, followed by the prayers

us that where sin abounded, grace doth much more abound. In a spirit of Christian affection, we desire that your hands may be strengthened in labouring for the salvation of the multitudes around you who are still sitting in darkness and the shadow of death, and living, as it were, without God in the world.

In singleness of love to the Saviour, and to those for whom He died, let us seek to be animated by the same spirit which led the apostle to say, "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord, and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake!" And we desire to unite with you in the fervent prayer that, under the gracious influence of the Holy Spirit, you may be the honoured instruments in bringing many to repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ.

In the love of Christ we would conclude by addressing you in the words of the apostle, "The God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you. To Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

No. II.

TO THE FRENCH NATION, AND ESPECIALLY TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE CITY OF PARIS, THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS, OTHERWISE CALLED QUAKERS, IN GREAT BRITAIN, SEND THESE WORDS OF BROTHERLY GREETING.

We have watched with deep sympathy the terrible calamities through which you have been recently passing; and when the last awful catastrophe of your civil war, with the burnings and devastation in Paris, came upon us as we were sitting in our Annual Assembly, we felt ourselves impelled to address you, in order to assure you how deeply we are penetrated with your sorrow, and how impossible it is for us to remain unmoved at the sight of your affliction.

of the Church, they left London early in the Sixth Month, 1871, accompanied at first by their young friends, Annie Maria Whiting (now Annie Maria

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These sentiments, indeed, we share with the great mass of our fellow-countrymen; but there are two reasons which make *us* feel them with peculiar intensity—

First, because the Christian Society to which we belong has, for more than two centuries, continually proclaimed the great doctrines, as shown forth in the New Testament, of the brotherhood of mankind, and the unlawfulness of all war, so that these doctrines have become part of the very fibre of our own minds; and, *secondly*, because during the past six months our hearts have been wrung by the narratives of suffering and horror which have been brought back to us by the delegates whom we deputed to carry such assistance as we could render—would that it had been a hundredfold more!—to the suffering townspeople and peasantry in your land.

Believing as we do that God governs in the kingdoms of men, and overrules even their wild and wayward passions to the working out of His own great purposes of love, we are compelled to recognise that, not without His permission could all these calamities have come upon you. Far be it from us to seek to explain His unsearchable counsels. But the history of our own and other lands, teaches us, that He judges the nations for their sins, and that if they forget Him, and seek to banish Him from His own world, He recalls Himself to their thoughts even by sharp and terrible afflictions, and that this *must* be done, because the knowledge of Him, and reverence for His law, is the vital atmosphere of the soul, without which neither men nor nations can truly live.

But if the sin of some have drawn down this punishment on your unhappy nation, multitudes of comparatively innocent victims have been involved in the same dreadful catastrophe; and to these our words of deepest and tenderest sympathy are addressed, Oh! let not the thought, "God has forgotten us, God has cast us off," find footing in your hearts. He does not

Harvey) and Josephine de Broen. Their friend Edmund Pace also joined them in Paris, sharing their labours at the outset, and giving much valu-

willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men. But with unwearied patience He follows them through the journey of life, using correction or encouragement as He sees fit, but seeking before and beyond all other aims to bring them back again to Himself.

We cannot express to you in words the strength of our conviction that God is a God of Love, and that He so loved the world that He gave His own Son Jesus Christ, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Many among us, who in the days of their darkness were the servants of sin and of the world, and found that to be a weary bondage, have discovered a joyous freedom in the service of Jesus Christ, and in working for the good of their fellow-men whom He died to save.

In this same Lord Jesus Christ we find the true centre and meeting-point of the whole family of man—the remedy for all those discords and strifes which the spirit of the world breeds among them. In Him, rich and poor, master and servant, citizen and countryman, learned and unlearned, Frenchman and Englishman, may meet together and form one harmonious body of which He is the Head. This faith comforts us in all the trials and adversities of life: when we stand by the graves of those whom we have loved: when we ourselves are stretched upon the bed of pain. When this faith is strong within us, it brings heaven itself into our daily lives: without it, man would be more to be pitied than the beasts that perish.

Speaking to so large and varied an audience, we know that we must be addressing many to whom our words will seem but as idle tales. We pray that God's Holy Spirit may lead them to prove for themselves whether they are not true, and that they may come, taste, and see how good the Lord is.

But we rejoice in the knowledge that we speak to many others to whom these great facts of our spiritual life are as well known

able help in making the needful arrangements for the translation and distribution of the Addresses. The "material" aid and sympathy which had

and as precious as to ourselves. We pray that these may be enabled to hold fast the beginning of their confidence in Christ steadfast unto the end.

And may all in your land labour together in the fear and love of our Almighty Father at the rebuilding of a new and happier France; the corner-stone of her foundation being faith in Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, and the top-stone bearing the inscription, "Glory to God in the highest."

No. III.

FROM THE CHRISTIAN SOCIETY OF FRIENDS, COMMONLY CALLED QUAKERS, AT THEIR ANNUAL ASSEMBLY IN LONDON.

TO THE PEOPLE OF FRANCE.

The smoke of the great city of Paris has risen as a thick cloud to heaven in the sight of God and of the world, and the calamities that have fallen upon it have made even your own countrymen to exclaim, "How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people." The love we have for you has made us mourn for your desolations; but there is One in heaven who loves you much more. He does not willingly afflict the children of men. He looks down and beholds your sorrow. He is moved with compassion towards man as He sees the low estate to which we have all fallen, and even in wrath He remembers mercy. His Fatherly care is over all His works. He is no respecter of persons; but the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him.

People of France! there is *One* hope for you, *One* refuge in the midst of your calamities. God, in His love for lost man, sent His own well-beloved Son into this world to ransom the lost by the shedding of His own blood for us outside the gates of Jerusalem. Salvation is His free gift, without money and without price. Jesus tasted death for every man. "He was wounded

been given by the Society of Friends, during the late war, to suffering non-combatants, had won the hearts of the French people, and had done much in preparing the way for the reception of the Addresses.

It is instructive to mark how through a long course of years the Lord prepares His children for those services, in which He is graciously pleased to permit them to glorify Him. Such had been, in a remarkable degree, the experience of Christine M. Alsop. A native of France, speaking the language, she had already travelled there extensively, and had become intimately acquainted both with the country and with many persons of influence. She never forgot how much she owed, under the Divine blessing, to the friendship of William Allen. Even her recent engagements at

for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquities. The chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed!"

The Spirit of Jesus Christ is a Spirit of peace and of love, of gentleness and forgiveness; and if we dwell in Him, the fruits of His Spirit will be brought forth in us. It is His Spirit that shows us our sins, and opens our eyes to behold Jesus as the sin-bearer. This Spirit guides into all truth: it is the Comforter to comfort them that mourn, to give us a joy and peace the world can never give, and to teach us patiently to endure unto the end, considering Jesus who endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself. May that Holy Spirit so enlighten your souls in this day of distress that with faith you may turn to the Lord in prayer, crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" "And it shall come to pass that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."

the Bedford Institute, during the destitution at the East End of London, were not altogether without use, as part of that training which had been so long gradually fitting her for the somewhat new line of service on which she was now entering in Paris and other parts of France. In this we must now endeavour to follow her.

It would be difficult (she writes) to describe the condition of Paris as we found it. Smoke was still issuing from the ruined buildings. Some of the streets which had been unpaved to form the barricades, had served as burying-places for the slain, in the conflict with the Commune, and were not yet paved over; and those parts of the public gardens which had also become the receptacles of the dead, were being levelled and sown with grass seeds. The atmosphere itself was charged with heavy effluvia; food was so scarce, that it was difficult to obtain enough to eat; and as the horses had been killed for food, and but few had yet come to the city, we found it often necessary to walk long distances, and that in a most suffocating heat.

HOTEL BERGERON, PARIS,
Seventh Month 11th, 1871.

We have now been here since the 23rd of last month. Owing to the pressure of engagements I have been able to write very little; but there has been already much to commemorate of the lovingkindness of the Lord, and also much to remember of toil, and of our want of faith. First we called on a few of the pastors and others to ascertain whether there would

be any impediment to the circulation of the three Addresses of the Yearly Meeting. Guillaume Monod was very cordial. He approved of the addresses, and at his suggestion we went to see the Pastor Paumier, who welcomed us warmly, and made way for us to speak at the meeting, to be held at the Oratoire on First-day evening, over which he had to preside. The meeting was attended by about 120. They were much touched with what was said respecting the origin of the Addresses, and the feelings which had brought us amongst them. The Pastor read the Address No. I., and expressed very fully his cordial acceptance of all the sentiments contained in it, desiring us to convey to our friends at home the high appreciation with which they received this fraternal salutation. "They had indeed suffered much, and those words of sympathy and Christian love were very acceptable to them." We called upon several other persons during the week; and arrangements were made for the circulation of the addresses. Packets were sent through the post to the pastors and ministers of all the Protestant churches throughout Paris; and parcels made up, with a proportionate number of copies, for each church. These latter were all delivered by hand, to be distributed on First-day the 9th, the day fixed for public prayer and humiliation throughout the Protestant congregations in France. We have had many interesting responses to these appeals from the pastors and others; in several instances asking for more copies. The distribution was very faithfully made. In some cases the Address No. I., was read from the pulpit, and in all they were commended to the serious perusal and

attention of the recipients. The two were folded together, that those who received them might discriminate themselves as to which was most applicable to them, and hand the other to some one else. Besides this, two copies were sent to each member of the Assembly, and two to M. Thiers; the latter we know were received and read. Four copies, with a lithographed letter, were posted to each of the Protestant ministers in France, including those of Alsace and Loraine; in all nearly 1,000 packets. These were all folded, banded, directed, and stamped in this room, and were most of them sent off so as to reach the Provinces in time for the day of public prayer. Altogether about 1,500 of these two addresses have already been put into circulation throughout the length and breadth of the land. Besides which, many of No. III. have been distributed in Paris. Hitherto, we have not attempted any systematic distribution amongst the Roman Catholics; though many of No. II. and No. III. have been given away by our active young friends, A. M. Whiting and Josephine de Broen and others; and we now and then have requests for some from willing helpers.

First-day the 9th, as I have said, was the day of public prayer. In the morning there was a meeting for prayer and exhortation, in which *all* the Protestant communities of Paris were invited to unite. We thought it right to go; and found it a very large and interesting convocation. The large "Temple" of the Oratoire was very nearly full. The addresses given by members of different denominations, both pastors and others, were very earnest; all tending to induce

the laying aside of everything likely to lead to disunity, and to encourage them to cleave to that in which all could unite—the love of the Saviour and His cause; that so all might be fellow-labourers in that wide field which lay before them, in this city, where they had so lately seen written in characters of blood the awful condition of a nation where Christ is forsaken, or suffered to be unknown. The prayers, also, were very fervent. At the close we were invited to another meeting, at which a new Society was to be inaugurated (to take the place of the former one), for the relief of the sick and wounded. It is now to assume the name of the "Société pour les Victimes de la Guerre." We made a point of attending it. It was composed of ladies and gentlemen—a small, but influential, company, presided over by one of the pastors of the Eglise Libre, M. Bersier, a very able man. In calling the meeting, he had made the arrangements so perfectly that, though some of his proposals were followed by a little discussion, they were adopted with but very slight alteration, and the different sub-committees were formed and officers elected with very little difficulty; many (both ladies and gentlemen) offering their names. The object of the Association is to inquire into the needs of those who are suffering as victims of the war.

When the business of the committee was over, the President introduced us as the delegates of the Society of Friends, who had come hither to bring them the assurance of their sympathy and Christian love; which was expressed not only through the Address, but

also by our making this personal effort to show our interest in their welfare. He then told the audience that "Madame Alsop" had a communication to make to them on some subjects which would be interesting to the company. The kind consideration with which this was said and received quite broke me down. It was some time before I could speak, and then I failed to say half of what was in my heart; but it was enough to touch them, and at least to prove that I was a woman—and a weak woman, too. I told them, amongst other things, what might be done in the way of evangelisation by actual contact with those we wished to influence. I mentioned our sewing-classes and the benefit they had conferred materially, morally, and spiritually, and the good such work was likely to do to those who engaged in it. But, I added, it must be a *missionary* work—not secondarily, but primarily. The President spoke, in the name of the company, in the kindest manner of what had been expressed; adding that, though *this* was not the time to discuss the subject, he believed the useful suggestions which had been made would not be lost. He also wished us to express to our Society at home their gratitude for this proof of their interest in their poor country, and in their work for the good of those around them. The task was a great and important one, and the sympathy of such a body of Christians as the Society of Friends was very helpful and encouraging to them. My dear husband had a little to say, which he managed very well in French. At this meeting, at which about seventy were present, of the *élite* of the Protestants of Paris, we became personally acquainted with

several very interesting individuals; amongst the rest, that dear lady who is a true helper in the Church, Madame André, a fine, intelligent person, who looked like a mother amongst them all, and was listened to with the greatest respect. We also met with Pastor Robin, the minister of Belleville. He had written very warmly to thank us for the Addresses, and we have found him a truly evangelical man and an earnest worker.

CHAPTER XVII.

(1871.)

Justine Dalencourt — Sewing Meeting established at Boulogne-sur-Seine—Labours in France continued.

IT was at the time of the Franco-German war that Christine M. Alsop first made the acquaintance of Justine Dalencourt, who became her valued coadjutor during the last years of her labours in France; and who has ever since been connected with the work begun by her in Paris, and still carried on there under the care of Friends. Justine Dalencourt was born at Rochefort-sur-Mer. Her parents were members of the Roman Catholic Church, and she herself was educated in a convent as a strict "Catholic."

I cannot (she says) recall the time when I did not love the things of God. When I was preparing for my first "Communion," I used often to retire alone, to ask God rather to permit me to die than to take it unworthily. At the age of sixteen I wished to become a nun, in order, as I then thought, to live nearer to God. My mother objected on account of my youth; and the death of my brother, Lieutenant Bellot, who was drowned in one of the expeditions sent in search of Sir John Franklin, and whom I had tenderly and enthusiastically loved, turned my thoughts towards England.

I went to England in 1858, and was engaged there as a teacher, in a school at Highbury New Park, when I became acquainted with Lady Barrow. She was a dear child of the Lord, and I soon loved her with all my heart.

After awhile, I removed to a boarding-school in Kensington, near her own dwelling, and frequently went to spend the evening with her. She used to speak to me of the Holy Scriptures, of the Virgin Mary, and of the saints, whose worship at that time filled my life. I prayed to them that she might be brought to the Roman Catholic faith, and often even wept over her. She prayed for me before the only One who can enlighten. One day she pressed me to read the Bible. My father was ill, and I was anxious. Lady Barrow, taking advantage of the opportunity, said to me; "Suppose, dear Justine, your good father, believing that he was going to die, and not wishing to leave you without his counsel, wrote a letter for his children; and suppose that after his death some of the elder brothers should take possession of the letter, and say to the others, 'We will not let you read it all, but we will read you some extracts'—would you be satisfied?"

I was indignant, and said that no brother could have the right to do so, because my father would assuredly write so that we might all understand it. "Ah, well," she said, "your priests do that; they keep from you your Heavenly Father's *Letter*." I did not want to appear much concerned, but I had received a very serious impression; and during the rest of that evening, which I spent with her, I seemed only

to hear those words, "Your Heavenly Father's letter."

This was, as it were, the first dawn of light upon my soul. In 1860 I became the wife of Eugène Dalencourt; but it was not till the year 1863 that I publicly left the Church of Rome. "Lucile," by Adolph Monod, was the book, next to the Bible, most blessed to me. In 1868 my husband removed to St. Denis, near Paris, and soon afterwards we lost our eldest beloved child, who, at the age of eight and a-half, was taken back to God. But I was tenderly sustained by my "Heavenly Father's letter," and I sighed for the possibility of teaching those around me about this Divine letter, which reveals the love of the Father to His children.

The Franco-German war broke out in 1870, and I was compelled to leave my home in great haste, with my little boy René. I subsequently came to England, where I became acquainted with Christine M. Alsop, through my being made the instrument of sending, for any one who wished it, little slips of paper, with my own, to their friends in Paris, during the time of the siege. The remembrance of her makes my tears flow even now. I loved her directly; her warm welcome, and her kindness to my little René comforted my heart. I went with her to some of the Mothers' Meetings in London, and longed that I could work in the same way in my own country. I also attended some of the meetings of Friends, and felt quite at home with them. Their principles did not come upon me like a new thing. They seemed, if I may so say, to have already existed in my mind in a kind of latent state.

After the close of the war I returned to France;

and after we were settled at Boulogne-sur-Seine, my husband, out of sympathy for the poor, kindly allowed me to receive some women into one of the rooms of our own house. This was the commencement of our Mothers' Meetings, the first of which was held on the 26th of June, 1871. Christine M. Alsop was there, and some idea may be formed of the ignorance of these poor women, from the fact that they thought that it was she who had written the Bible which she recommended them to read.*

To recur once more to Christine M. Alsop's own journal:

Seventh Month 12th, 1871.—This afternoon Annie M. Whiting and I went to Boulogne-sur-Seine to see the women of the sewing-class, and found eighteen nice respectable women there, all looking happy and comfortable, listening to the instructions of Justine Dalencourt. The more I see of the latter, the more I am struck with her tact, her order, and her capacity for the work. They have already finished several articles of clothing. The work is really first-rate, and all so clean and beautifully kept. I have agreed that this work shall go on for one year.

Seventh Month 30th.—More than two weeks have passed since I have been able to add anything to this little history. An attack of illness, which greatly prostrated me, made it necessary for us to leave Paris on the 22nd, and to come to Rouen, where we stayed

* Further interesting particulars of Justine Dalencourt's work may be found in Dr. Horatius Bonar's recent book, "The White Fields of France," pp. 184-185 and 217-220.

a week, and distributed many Addresses, gospels, and other books and tracts. We arrived at Rouen the evening before the departure of the Prussians. One regiment passed our hotel at three o'clock in the morning on their way out of the town, and on the same morning the French soldiers entered. Almost every window had a tri-coloured flag, and it was a day of great rejoicing. The feeling of retaliation is very strong on account of the loss of Alsace and Lorraine.

We paid a visit to Mrs. Waddington, the widow of an English cotton manufacturer. She, with her daughter-in-law, received us most kindly, and entered with warm sympathy into the concern I have at heart —to endeavour to do something to help the poor French women. The daughter-in-law had begun a mothers' meeting before the war. Since then it has dropped, like other things; but I hope she may take courage to begin again. They live at a beautiful country house out of the town, at St. Séger, The same evening we called on one of the pastors. He is a very agreeable man, truly evangelical. His wife is a daughter of Henri Monod. Wherever we find the influence of a Monod we find true evangelical religion. How happy a thing for Protestanism in France that they have been so large a family.

We were advised not to give the Addresses to the concièrges for distribution, for fear it should not be done well; so we went ourselves and gave many at the doors—about 900 I think—before we got home. These Addresses are very much liked. Yesterday one was given to a priest at the station. He read it very attentively (it was No. II.) and told me it was

excellent, just the thing wanted. "C'est bien, très-bien." He came to ask for the two others, as he had seen them in the hands of other persons, He first said "C'est une propagande." I said "Oui, pour Dieu et pour Jésus Christ, non pas pour nous." "Oh! C'est bien, très-bien;" and he again said, "I do not see but that it is intended as much for the Catholics as for the Protestants." I said, "That is just what we wish to announce, the Gospel of peace and joy which is for all people without exception. There is but one God, but one Saviour, let us all love Him with sincerity. I must believe there are such amongst the Roman Catholics who seek to show the *simple truth* of His salvation to all people." The poor priest looked rather surprised, but agreed to what I said, and we parted. We gave away many Addresses and some gospels in the station. Altogether I hope our visit to Rouen will not be in vain.

Eighth Month 2nd. Havre.—Yesterday we sent off several hundred packets of Addresses to the mayors, and have also given several ourselves. The presentation of the Addresses gives a very good opportunity for conversation, and we find much response to the sentiments expressed. We have done so in this Hotel. Yesterday a gentleman and lady at the table d'hôte, to whom I gave one, came to me afterwards. The gentleman took hold of my hand and pressed it, and his wife's eyes filled with tears while she said, with much emotion, "Nous avons bien souffert,—merci de vos paroles de sympathie Chrétienne; nous en avons bien besoin. Vous ne voyez le mal que dans son ensemble, mais ce serait impossible d'approfondir

toutes les misères individuelles. Nous avons bien besoin de mettre notre confiance en Dieu."

First-day, Eighth Month 6th, 1871. This morning we attended a meeting at the American Chapel, held by the *Evangelical Protestants.* This meeting takes place, when the service is held, at their "Temple," with a rationalistic minister to preach. It was a very considerable congregation, and the sermon—preached by a young pastor named Charles Vernes, whose wife is a daughter of Adolph Monod—we could fully agree with. "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." It was a beautiful address and appeared so much under the *Divine anointing* that it did me good to hear it. "If Christ is preached I do therein rejoice." It has been edifying and comforting to know that the simple Gospel, with all the fulness of blessing appertaining to it, is preached in France, as was the case this morning.

Second-day, 7th of Eighth Month.—Had many things to arrange this morning before going to luncheon at Madame Dolfas'. This was a very pleasant visit, calling forth from her the expression of much sympathy. The great heat of the weather renders exertion trying. Madame Dolfas is a lady of affluence, living in a beautiful home, with splendid garden, greenhouses and hothouses, as in England. After luncheon we went over the grounds: such a kitchen garden, and a profusion of fruit. I thought of my little home and longed for the quiet of it. Yet I prize these opportunities, as they open the way for me to relieve my mind of a little of the burden which rests upon it. We met several persons of this lady's family

whom it did my heart good to become acquainted with. Amongst others, her sister and her son-in-law, M. Friedel, a very interesting man, under the weight of what seemed to me sanctified sorrow. He lost his wife during the siege of Paris. He was in Paris, she in Alsace. On arriving at home as soon as the capital was opened, intensely longing to be reunited with those he loved, he found that his wife had been buried two weeks; he not having even heard that she had been ill! He is left with three sweet children. We hope to see him in Paris, where he resides.

In the afternoon we all adjourned to Madame du Pasquiér's, and found a room full of ladies and two or three gentlemen; amongst them the young Pastor Charles Vernes. I proposed the reading of a portion of Scripture, upon which he kindly read the fifteenth of John, and said a few words very feelingly on the necessity of abiding in the Vine in order to bear fruit; and that the bearing of fruit was the consequence of being in Christ and abiding in Him. He then offered a short and simple prayer. I had afterwards an opportunity of giving a short explanation of the origin of our Addresses (our certificates having been previously read). I was also able to express my own individual desires for the promotion of the Lord's cause in the earth, and particularly in my own native land. I urged upon all to do what the Lord might enable them for the multitudes around them. I also gave them an account of what we had been able to commence in Paris as a means of evangelization—the sewing-class; and told them what we were wishing to do on

our return thither. It was an interesting time. We hope they will see their way to do something of the kind in Havre. But the work is great, and we must be very patient. Many of the Roman Catholics themselves see that the population are in a very sad and ignorant state, and that what is needed to bring them out of this condition is the very thing which they are not allowed to do,—the reading of the Scriptures. May there be indeed a yielding to the work of the Spirit of the Lord, who assuredly works, to convince of sin and to break every false rest; that so there may be a coming to Jesus the only *rest* of the soul, and a *learning* of Him,—learning His marvellous teachings through the written word and through that Spirit who still takes of these teachings of the Lord and shows them unto us.

Third-day, Eighth Month 8th.—We were much engaged making up parcels of Addresses and other publications for various persons whom we wished to have them to distribute; when to our surprise and great comfort, we had a little visit from dear Edmund Pace. It was delightful to see him; and we were truly helped by his sympathy, and also by the messages he brought us from our friends in England.

We came to Caen by the boat. Left our dear friend Edmund Pace on the shore at Havre, who watched us as we steamed away. We reached this place (Caen) about five o'clock; having enjoyed the passage, except that I felt very much overdone, almost too tired to appreciate the rest.

Yesterday we had our letters—a rich feast. We were much interested by one from Madagascar. I had a

very long and sweet communication from dear Elizabeth Hanbury, and one from my dear niece, Louisa.

On the evening of Fifth-day we called at Pastor Melon's and saw his wife, an old acquaintance of mine. He was very cordial, and undertook the distribution of the Addresses to his congregation, and also to some of the neighbouring churches, so that we feel the work pretty much concluded in this part of Normandy. On Second-day we propose to go to Beuzeville-sur-Mer, a small Protestant bathing place, where we expect to find some persons from various parts, to whom we wish to give the Addresses.

Eleventh Month 4th, 1871.—We attended two meetings at the church at Beuzeville, and paid various visits. We all felt better for the change, and returned to Paris with renewed vigour for the work there. Soon after our arrival we were joined by our friends Henry Hipsley, Esther Tuke, and M. A. Marriage (now Allen). We laboured together for another month in the capital. M. A. Marriage and Henry Hipsley, with Esther Tuke, had several small meetings, where they read the Addresses, and also the Scriptures, and distributed the former very widely. We were more particularly engaged in the establishment of the sewing-classes at La Villette and Belleville, and also at Le Vallois Perret; visiting several times that of Boulogne-sur-Seine, under the care of Justine Dalencourt. We were comforted in witnessing the remarkable success of this undertaking, not only in the rapid increase of the numbers, but also in the marked effect produced by the care bestowed on these poor women, who were previously so completely

in ignorance of the truths of the Gospel. This part of the work is so satisfactory, that it repays me for any amount of trouble we may have had in Paris. We hope for much also from the other centres of mission work under our care, though they have not been established so long as that at Boulogne. It appears from the accounts we have received from the different points, that there are now not less than 200 women and girls brought under the influence of our devoted workers.

During this stay in Paris we attended several meetings held at the Wesleyan chapels at Les Ternes and Rue Roquépine, and two also at the Eglise de la Rue Saint Esprit (Guillaume Monod's). One large meeting was also held at Cluny, at the mission establishment of Madame André; at which more than 200 of the poor of that neighbourhood were present.

From Paris they went forward to Orleans, and other important places in the Valley of the Loire, where the efforts of the War Victims Committee had caused the Society of Friends to be widely known and respected. They arrived at Orleans on the 13th of Eleventh Month. Here an important change was made in their hitherto somewhat cautious method of procedure.

It was at Orleans (writes Christine M. Alsop) that we first attempted to call a meeting by public invitation; and finding how well it was attended by the Roman Catholics we continued the plan in other places. From that time we had large audiences, to the great astonishment of our Protestant friends. We

visited Mer and Tours, where some of our party left us. We then went to Blois, Angers, and Nantes. At the latter place, after holding several meetings, both in private houses and at the "Temple," we could not persuade the pastors to call a larger meeting in their "Temple" by general invitation. My dear husband, therefore, took the responsibility upon himself, with a little advice as to the manner of setting to work. He obtained the use of a large hall at the "Mairie," the authorities granting it out of gratitude for the material help which had been sent by Friends through that port. They did all they could to fit it up with seats, &c., and notices of the meeting were distributed through the city. The room was soon filled by a highly respectable company; the Maire and his secretary both attending. Many stood. But a somewhat severe ordeal awaited my dear husband. We could not prevail upon any one to take the chair. He was, therefore, obliged to come forward. It was the first time that he had read the Address to so large a company. There was at first a little agitation amongst the people, and one man called out in a loud voice, asking whether we had come in a peaceable spirit—a spirit of *Liberté, Egalité, et Fraternité.* To this my dear husband answered, in a pleasant tone, that he had come amongst them in a feeling of fraternity and of "*enteinte cordiale,*" for which he was sure they would give him credit when they knew that he had had the happiness to marry a French wife, who, if they would allow her, would speak to them in their own language. This information was enthusiastically received; and a way was thus opened for me to preach the Gospel

to that large assembly, taking as a text the words, *Liberté, Egalité, et Fraternité.* This seemed all new to the audience, who appeared much impressed, and after the meeting a large distribution of the Addresses and portions of Scripture was made, some of the people helping in handing them to others. The secretary of the Maire was very much interested, and asked us to give him a Bible, as he had never seen one. As we had only copies of the New Testament with us, we sent him a Bible afterwards, and received from him the most grateful thanks. Here we found that the Addresses, which had been sent by post to the Maire had been received, and placed among the archives!

Meetings such as these, publicly called and largely attended, were a somewhat novel experience in a country like France, and required a great amount of faith and courage in the "greyheaded old lady" on whom the chief part of the service devolved. But she was always listened to with respectful attention, and probably many were reached in this way who could not have been in any other.

The audiences at these meetings (writes Christine M. Alsop) were composed of both Protestants and Roman Catholics; more especially of the latter. The meetings were usually commenced by the reading of a portion of Holy Scripture, followed by that of one of the Addresses, as the case might seem to require; after which there was a full opportunity of speaking to the people upon the simplicity of the truth as it is

in Jesus; commending the Scriptures as containing that which it is all-important for such as profess the Christian name, not only to know, but to practise. Allusion was also frequently made to some of our distinguishing views. Deeply did we feel the importance of the work; but in the retrospect of the help mercifully granted, we are constrained to say, "It is the Lord's doing." It was touching to witness the quietness and attention with which we were listened to, and the hearty, grateful response, which we often received, and were requested to convey to our Friends at home.

The following extracts from Robert and C. M. Alsop's letters or journals will give some idea of their further labours:

The meeting at Poictiers was a remarkable one. There was then no Protestant "Temple," and we were obliged to hold it in a hired hall in the market place. It was a formidable assembly; all men, with one or two exceptions. Poictiers being a city of learning, with a large Jesuit seminary, is the seat of superstition and infidelity. A row of Jesuit priests occupied the first bench opposite to us; but strength was given for the occasion. We were aided by our venerable friend, Thomas Arbousset, of St. Sauvant. A large number of portions of Scripture, with the Addresses, were distributed at the close of the meeting; and the next day, as we left the place, our little box, which contained about five hundred of these portions, was emptied at the railway station as we were waiting for the train; many priests looking on, and some of them accepting the gifts.

From St. Sauvant, where we were most kindly entertained at the house of Thomas Arbousset, we proceeded, by way of La Rochelle and Rochefort, to Bordeaux, where William Smithe joined us. Thence we went forward to Orthéz, Bagnères, Montauban, Saverdun, Toulouse, Cette, Montpelier, and Nîmes. At all these places large distributions were made, and in most of them meetings were held, often more than one in each place, some especially for women.

At Bordeaux we visited the schools, distributed our papers, visited the asylum for the aged, the hospital, &c., and had a large meeting in the Protestant Temple. The aged pastor and president of the Consistory had given us no encouragement as to having a meeting so entirely out of their usual order. He thought the proposition could not be at all entertained; he, however, attended the meeting, as well as the other pastors, and at the conclusion expressed in the warmest terms his gratitude, giving us his blessing. We had afterwards a sweet meeting at the house of a Christian friend and brother, who threw open his two rooms to between thirty and forty of the more serious members of the community at Bordeaux; at which, as in other places, we had the opportunity of more intimate communion, and of mentioning some of those encouraging circumstances which have marked our progress. Truly it has been the Lord's doing. It was a sweet meeting, and we parted from them in much love.

Passing on from Orthéz to Bagnières de Bigorre, in the Hautes Pyrénees, we had the pleasure of once

more meeting our old friend, Emilien Frossard,* a most excellent evangelical man, who is the means of much good in these parts. He told us that he had ceased to preach sermons in the usual way, but that he addresses the people as the matter arises in his own mind. "The older I grow," was his remark, "the more like a Friend I am; I no longer *preach* now, I *speak*." From this place we had a tolerably near view of the magnificent peaks of the Pyrénees, now covered with the first snow of winter. We had a meeting in the "Temple" with the few resident Protestants.

Thence to Toulouse, where we called on a very interesting young man (the banker), the son of one of the three eminent Brothers Courtois, who have for many years been prominent in the work of the Gospel and of general benevolence. He is now the only representative of his family. We were very kindly welcomed by him as well as by the Pastors Laforgues, Castel and Audra. A meeting in the "Temple" was readily accorded. The invitation, given in four of the public papers, was well responded to, and it proved a good meeting. We had also a more private one at the house of our friend Courtois, which was a time of sweet fellowship. In this part of the journey, since leaving Poictiers, we had Ellen Clare Miller (now Pearson) as an additional companion and helper. From Toulouse we went forward to Saverdun, the great Protestant Industrial Asylum; where 120 boys are excellently instructed, with whom we had a meeting.

* *See* page 37, Chapter IV.

At Montauban, the Protestant Theological Institution for these parts of France, the students were not in session; but we had much brotherly intercourse with the Professors Bois, Bonifas, Jean Monod, &c., and a large meeting in the "Temple" of the Faculty, which proved quite satisfactory. We had also an important small private meeting at the house of Professor Monod, several of the other Professors being present. Thence, by way of Cette and Montpelier, to Nîmes, where we had a good meeting with the dear Friends on First-day morning; Daniel and Samuel Brun and others from Fontanés, J. Vally, J. Benoit, and several others from St. Giles, with our sister Lydie, being with us. It was a time of favour. In the afternoon we had a public meeting at the Maison de Santé; quite full, and a warm response expressed by one of the pastors present.

At all these places we distributed not only the Addresses of the Yearly Meeting and Scripture portions, but also many tracts, several thousands of that on "War and Christianity," and a very large quantity—I was going to say hundredweights—of the French illustrated papers, involving much hard labour. About 70,000 of the Addresses were distributed, and more than 10,000 Scripture portions.

Christine M. Alsop and her husband returned home in the First Month, 1872; resuming their labours in the spring, this time more particularly in the South-West of France. M. A. Marriage (now Allen) and Martha Braithwaite, Jun., were their helpers in this journey. They spent some

time both at Lyons and Marseilles, and in the latter city were enabled to establish a sewing-class for mothers; which, with some other Christian work, is still carried on under the care of Christine M. Alsop's widowed niece, Léa Trial. The work in this important city was an object which, to the end of her life, continued to be very near the heart of Christine M. Alsop.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Brief reflections on her labours in France—Her life at Home—Her husband's alarming illness—Last Journey on the Continent of Europe.

CHRISTINE M. ALSOP had been now, with but little interruption, labouring for nearly three years in France; and in that period had visited most of the important cities and districts in that great country. It was the crowning service of her life, for which she had been so long preparing; and the accomplishment of which, so far as she was permitted to accomplish it, was to her a cause of thankful rejoicing.

Our beloved friend had often felt called to urge the claims of the Roman Catholic population upon those who were so much more favoured in the possession of Gospel truth. Many must remember how earnest were her pleadings with members of the various Protestant Churches to yield themselves freely to the call of their Lord for this blessed service. She assuredly believed that He would direct and open the way for the willing-hearted to go forth and evangelize in districts where the name and principles of Protestantism were alike unknown. Greatly as she loved and honoured many of her Protestant

brethren and sisters in France, she had observed, not without serious apprehension, almost amounting to foreboding, to how great an extent the terrible persecutions through which the Reformed Churches of France had passed during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had seemed, in many places, almost to have crushed out the evangelising spirit; and how many under the name of Protestants appeared to have settled down with the idea that their peace and freedom were only to be secured by keeping in the shade, and carefully abstaining from everything which might seem like propagandism, or which might in any way tend to draw on them the resentment and suspicion of their Roman Catholic neighbours.

She well knew that a light hidden thus carefully under a bushel was in danger of becoming extinguished. She clearly saw that the Catholicism of a great portion of the French people was merely nominal and traditional; and that the proclamation of the simple Gospel message would be received with joy by thousands of hungering souls. The wonderful success of the labours of Robert McAll, amongst the working men of Paris and Lyons;* and the blessing that has attended similar missions in other places, and the evangelising tours of pastors and laymen organised by the Mission Intérieure,

* *See* "The White Fields of France," by Dr. Horatius Bonar, already referred to. London: Nisbet & Co., 21, Berners Street.

have proved during the last few years the truth of her views. It may not be permitted to us to trace the effect of the seed sown by her amidst the abundant harvest which is still being reaped ; but the fact remains that she was one of the early and most faithful sowers in that harvest-field, where, during the last years of her life she so often rejoiced that others were gathering in the sheaves.

In a life so devoted to the interests of others as was that of Christine M. Alsop, the less exciting concerns of every-day duty are sometimes apt to be overlooked. But trained as she had been in the school of the best of Masters, she had been taught that in Christianity, no less than in mathematics, the greater must necessarily include the less ; and that it is only a mistaken judgment, fraught with serious danger, that would allow the pressure of extraordinary engagements to interfere with the discharge of ordinary duty, however simple or unpretending. Amidst her many occupations, Christine M. Alsop was an example of diligence in the attendance of her religious meetings ; both on the First-day of the week, and at other times. She was loving and watchful in the exercise of her gift as a Minister of the Gospel ; and her public approaches to the throne of grace were often attended with peculiar unction and acceptance.

Ever the ready and sympathising friend, her quick discernment of the character and feelings of others, proved of admirable service in her visits to

those under trial and suffering; many of which were occasions long to be remembered by those who received them.

Well did she know, not only how to "rejoice with those who do rejoice," but also to "weep with those who weep." As life advanced, it became more and more her habitual desire to be found daily exemplifying the language of the Apostle, "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world" (James i. 27). Her cheerful disposition made her a pleasant companion to the young. Few indeed were they, who did not enjoy and highly value her company; and how many can now recur with grateful delight to the hours passed under her roof, or to opportunities when they were privileged to have her as a visitor in their own homes.

Inviting as a period of repose might have seemed after their late extended labours in France, yet, faithful to their ministry as servants of the Church, they thought it right to accompany their friend Robert Walter Douglas in his visit to some parts of the Continent, in 1874. He was a brother of John Henry Douglas, whose name has already been before the reader, and was then in Europe, as an accredited minister of the Gospel from Indiana Yearly Meeting. After having seen the little companies of Friends in the South of France, Robert Alsop

went forward with him into Germany, whilst his wife proceeded to Paris. During his absence in Germany, Robert Alsop became alarmingly ill. It was his first serious illness, and at his age, now upwards of seventy, naturally occasioned great anxiety. He was removed to Paris in a dangerous state, where he remained for some time. He afterwards proceeded by slow stages, as his strength permitted, to the South of France and North Italy, until his health was sufficiently restored to allow of their return to England.

The circumstances in which we were placed (writes C. M. Alsop) were extremely trying, but not a complaint or murmur ever escaped him; he was calm and quiet throughout. I am glad of the opportunity of acknowledging the loving-kindness of our Lord, who condescended to be near to us by His immediate comforting and upholding presence, and also by permitting that we should have the help and sympathy of many dear Friends in Paris, and especially the invaluable assistance of our friends Henry and Elizabeth Newman, who were our travelling companions, towards whom, I have a debt of gratitude such as I cannot express. We had also the advantage of a most kind physician in Doctor Morice, whose wife is a daughter of the late Adolphe Monod. Our kind attendant, Myra, was also unremitting in her attentions.

It was in the autumn of 1875, that our beloved friend, now in her seventy-first year, paid her

last visit to the Continent of Europe. She had for some time past felt drawn, in the love of the Gospel, to visit some places in France and Italy; and on finding that my dear husband and myself had a similar prospect, she and her husband kindly consented to accompany us, though scarcely willing to acknowledge their own share in the service.

It was a journey (she writes, in the Memoir of her husband,) of intense interest. He enjoyed it much, and was of essential service to our dear friends. It occupied many weeks, and involved much fatigue; but it was a great satisfaction to him to visit his friends in the Vaudois Valleys, now for the third time; and those who remained there, whom we had known before, were much pleased to see him.

These last remarks apply equally to both our beloved friends. They were true and efficient helpers in every sense of the words. Our hearts were closely united in the love of Christ; and they were enabled to accomplish this, their last service abroad, to their own comfort, and to the comfort and edification of those amongst whom they laboured.

It was on the 30th of the Eighth Month, 1875, that our little party left London for Paris; our daughter Anna being also with us, with a view to the personal comfort of Christine M. Alsop.

We left Paris (writes Christine M. Alsop in her journal) on the 1st of Ninth Month for Tonnèrre,

where a good meeting was held, attended by not less than 200—all "ouvriers" and their families, and all come out from Popery. It was a serious, earnest congregation. Ten men had walked from the country five kilometres to attend the meeting, and were going back afterwards. J. B. Braithwaite joined us at Basle. The next morning we visited the Institution at the Chrischona, and had a meeting in the chapel with the students; about sixty present. J. B. Braithwaite's address was interpreted into German by the superintendent, and seemed to find entrance into the hearts of those addressed. Martha Braithwaite and myself said a few words; and the superintendent, C. Henry Rappard, prayed very sweetly. His wife, Dora Rappard, is a daughter of Bishop Gobat. An interesting meeting was also held that afternoon with the students (about eighty in number) at the Basle Institute. Proceeding by way of Zurich to Lausanne, we met at the latter place, a considerable company of serious people, who were strikingly addressed by J. B. Braithwaite. Christ, the living Saviour, requires a living Church; and in order to have a living Church, there must be living members. This is the subject which is uppermost in his heart, in connection with an unfaltering faith in the necessity of an Atonement for sin; and that this Atonement is only possible through the sacrifice of One, who was God and man—man to suffer, God to save—who now ever liveth to *give* and to sustain this life in His people. I interpreted for him.

On the 6th we left for Geneva; thence to Aix-les-Bains and Chambéry. At the latter place about twenty serious persons met us in the little chapel. It was, I

believe, the first meeting held by Friends in this dark country of Savoy.

From Chambéry we proceeded to Turin on Sixth-day, the 10th, passing through the famous Mont Cenis Tunnel. We were half-an-hour in the tunnel. It seems well ventilated; and, with the help of lamps, we did not feel that oppression and total darkness which I expected. After we leave Modane, the road winds up the mountains to a considerable height, as we saw by watching a train that was slowly ascending the slope. How powerful and how powerless is man! What a contrast from the first time I crossed the Mont Cenis, when we slept two nights on the road, and laboured up the slopes eight or ten hours. At Turin we visited the Schools and the Bible Depôt, going forward to La Tour on the 11th. A meeting was arranged for First-day in the old "Temple" at Chabas, a mile from La Tour. They also gave up their evening service in the large "Temple" to our men Friends. We had satisfaction in taking a little part in the interesting meeting at Chabas. It was a large gathering. The "Temple" is quite in the country, on a beautiful slope; several of the ministers and professors from La Tour, with their families, were present. J. B. Braithwaite unfolded the glorious plan of salvation — the work of redeeming love — in a striking manner, bringing powerfully into view the doctrine of the Atonement, wherein God has been pleased to reveal Himself as just, and the justifier of him who believeth in Jesus; and then the no less precious truth, that since while we were yet enemies God had reconciled us unto Himself by the death of His Son, how

much more, being reconciled, we should be saved by His life—the life of a living Saviour, who must have a living people; those who are to be the light of the world, and who, from Him the Fountain of Light, have light in their dwellings. Thus would they whom he was addressing, become indeed the true "Israel of the Alps." Our friend, J. D. Charbonnier, the Moderator, feelingly expressed his sense of gratitude, and that of the congregation, for the visit, and afterwards prayed very beautifully for us. The meeting in the evening was equally satisfactory. We were afterwards at Bobby and Villars.

Here Christine M. Alsop's narrative somewhat abruptly breaks off. It may be sufficient to add that our little party visited most of the Vaudois churches in the Valleys, and in Italy, as far as Rome; besides some of the other Protestant communities, and the depôts of the British and Foreign Bible Society. An open door was everywhere set before us, and our cordial reception at Turin, Milan, Florence, and Rome will be long remembered. It was Christine M. Alsop's first and only visit to the two latter cities. At her age, and with her comparatively enfeebled health, it was instructive to mark the unabated and almost youthful ardour with which she was enabled to enter into the various objects which engaged our attention as we passed on from place to place. The hearty welcome with which she was everywhere greeted proved how widely she was known,

and how much she was esteemed and loved by the evangelical Protestants in France and Italy. She threw herself into their varied work, with almost as much of interest as though it had been the sole object of her life.

At Marseilles we had the satisfaction, in which Christine M. Alsop especially shared, of witnessing the success attending the work of her niece Léa Trial in that important city. Our visit to Congénies and Nîmes was one of deep and touching interest; proving, as it afterwards did, to be her last farewell to the scenes and friends of her earlier days. At Nîmes, as we took our departure for the railway, the parting between her and her two sisters, Fanny Bénézet and Lydie Majolier—the elder of whom, then nearly eighty-six, she never saw again—was very affecting.

On our return we spent more than a week in Paris, enjoying much valuable intercourse with our Christian friends in that city; and holding meetings and visiting the work under the care of Friends. We reached London on the 11th of the Eleventh Month, under a sense of deep thankfulness for the help and guidance graciously granted, and for the Lord's preserving care.

How calm and peaceful was that happy home to which Robert and Christine M. Alsop now returned for the last time. They had been married for nearly thirty years. Theirs had been a union hallowed by the love of Christ. With one heart

and with one mind their diversified gifts had been remarkably blended in the joy of a peculiarly varied and extended service for the spreading of the Redeemer's Kingdom. But the end was hastening on. It was nearer than, perhaps, they were aware.

CHAPTER XIX.

Decease of Robert Alsop—Letters and Journal—Illness and Death.

BRIEF was the interval of two months between Christine M. Alsop's return home and the decease of her beloved husband, on the 11th of First Month, 1876. The summons was sudden and unlooked-for, but her consolation was that he was "ready." They had together attended the "Quarterly Meeting" of Friends at Devonshire House but a few days previously; and had taken part in the simple account then given of some of the details of their late journey. There had been no premonitory symptoms of illness.

On the very morning of the day on which he died, Robert Alsop, with his wonted thoughtful sympathy for others, had accompanied his wife in several calls on aged and invalid friends, one of them thought to be near her end. They had spent the evening together at their own peaceful fireside; the conversation turning upon their abounding mercies, and on some contemplated arrangements for relieving the necessities of their poorer neighbours. Robert Alsop made no complaint of indisposition, and there was nothing to indicate the approaching end. As he was about to enter

upon the evening family reading of Holy Scripture (in which the ninth chapter of the Acts, on the conversion of the Apostle Paul, occurred in usual course), he said, "I am now going to read to you of a most remarkable change;" little thinking that his own great change was so near. He retired to rest, apparently in usual health. His wife soon perceived a difficulty in his breathing. She was with him alone; and, after calling for help, exclaimed, "Oh, Robert, Robert, speak to me!" He turned to her with a loving look, and then, closing his eyes, before help could be obtained, the spirit had quitted its earthly tabernacle.

"The summons came; the accepted hour was given;
His sainted spirit smiled, and sprang to Heaven."

The event was a great shock to Christine M. Alsop; but the Lord was her stay. From the Queen * downwards assurances of sympathy were poured in. For these she felt deeply grateful; and it was her earnest desire not to sit down and selfishly brood over her own sorrow, but diligently and faithfully to accomplish the portion yet remaining of her earthly course.

From the house of her nephew, Edward Majolier, she writes, a few days after the funeral, to a widowed sister-in-law:

* See extracts from letters at the end of C. M. Alsop's Memoir of her husband.

HIGHBURY NEW PARK,
First Month 25th, 1876.

I am a wonder to myself. Here, surrounded by the kindest attentions, I am not so far out of the way as not to see some of my friends. But I need not tell thee that with all the alleviations, on which I would gratefully dwell, the great fact remains — *I am a widow;* and those who know what that is, can feel for me. Few have had so much to lose. He was so patient, so kind, so loving, so untiring a helper and companion; I cannot always refrain from the most heartfelt sorrow when I think of myself. This I am wont to do at times, although at others I can rejoice in his joy. He is now out of the reach of all sorrow and pain, and of the evil which grieved him. Yet his life was not a sad one. He looked upon everything through the bright medium of his own happy spirit; and, clothed with that charity which "thinketh no evil," he saw light and brightness in a way that made him happy in hope, the hope of the trustful Christian believer; but my dear sister I need not enlarge. The quieting sustaining help of our dear Lord is not withheld.

From her Journal:

Second Month 10th, 1876.—I am indeed a WIDOW. After a union of uncommon happiness—of uninterrupted oneness of heart—both in service and enjoyment for twenty-nine years, it has pleased our Heavenly Father to sever the outward bond which united us. One is taken and the other left—taken without the pains of death, without the pang of separation; trans-

lated as in a moment from his faithful, lowly, but joyous service on earth to the higher and holier service in heaven. I am left—oh! how sorrowful! how touchingly bereft!—yet at times enabled to hope in that mercy which has been permitted to follow me from early life, and which has forgiven me so much that indeed I ought to love much. On the 11th of last month, at about a quarter past eleven, my beloved one was taken from me. After retiring to rest at my side, and giving me the parting kiss, he breathed his last, with scarcely a struggle; and his pure, humble, rejoicing spirit entered into the joy of his Lord, leaving me for a little longer to travel alone. It may be only for a little time that I may have to "go softly" before the Lord. May the time, whether longer or shorter, be spent to His glory, and for the further preparation of my soul for a reunion with my beloved husband in the companionship of that Saviour, whom he so faithfully served on earth, and whom I trust we both loved. He has left me an example which I desire to follow. In him the beatitudes of our Lord were remarkably illustrated. The blessing on the poor in spirit; on the meek; on them that hunger and thirst after righteousness; on the merciful; on the pure in heart, and on the peacemakers, were eminently his.

And now, Lord, what wait I for? My hope is in Thee. Give me to know Thy preserving care; the upholding of Thy Fatherly hand. Grant that this affliction may be for the furthering of Thy blessed designs concerning me, by making me more and more meet for the heavenly inheritance.

(*To Martha Braithwaite.*)

143, HIGHBURY NEW PARK,
24th of Second Month, 1876.

. . . I hope, after a little while, if it pleases the Lord to spare me, to continue my interest in the work in France, and to give to it the strength bestowed. It is the desire of my heart to work while it is day; and though now it must be with much less vigour, yet may it be with an increasing desire to do all as unto the Lord.

From her Journal:

Fourth Month 8th, 1876.—On the last day of the Third Month I returned to this now very changed home, after nearly eleven weeks' absence. Much did I shrink from the effort, but, as so often before, the Lord has been better to me than all my fears. A return to all the familiar scenes of so large a part of our most happy union, has been inexpressibly touching; and many are the tears which I have shed at the remembrance of a past which can never be recalled, and at the view of a future, in which I shall be henceforth deprived of the loving companionship which was so precious, and so helpful and strengthening to me. Yet I have thankfully to record that strength has been given, and I desire to bless the Lord for this one more precious proof of His love.

(*To Martha Braithwaite.*)

74, CLISSOLD ROAD,
Fourth Month 12th, 1876.

. . . I am quite sure of thy love and that of thy dear husband, and it comforts me to know that you

feel and pray for me. I have spent a touching and sorrowful week, though not without a peaceful sense of the unbounded mercy of my Saviour, who, with all my unworthiness, does condescend to uphold me and to surround me with blessings.

(*To Robert Alsop's Sister, Christiana Alsop.*)

74, CLISSOLD ROAD,

Fifth Month 4th, 1876.

I turned from the window as I saw your cab drive off, sad and sorrowful as I afresh felt that I was indeed the lone possessor of this comfortable home, made so happy by the presence of the loved one who never liked anything better than to enjoy it with me—always satisfied and pleased with the modest enjoyments it afforded. My heart seemed to sink within me at the thought that this happiness could be mine no longer. But then came the sweet sense of *his* happiness, and also of the good hope through grace which is still an anchor to the soul. The re-union in Heaven is a precious reality. May our faith be such as to grasp it, in its fulness of blessing.

From her Journal:

Seventh Month 11th, 1876.—Pour out, O Lord, of Thy Spirit into my heart that I may know more of that communion which is with Thee, the Father, and with Thy Son Jesus Christ. In this there is sweet fellowship with all who are Thine, both in heaven and on earth, in which I may still be permitted to hold communion with my beloved one, in Thee the centre of all our joy and peace, through Jesus the Mediator

of the New Covenant by the Eternal Spirit. Tremblingly, Lord Jesus, I would say, "I give myself to Thee: and if Thou hast yet any little service for me in my declining years, give me strength to do it."

(*To Mary Milner.*)

LINETHWAITE, CUMBERLAND,
Eighth Month 26th, 1876.

I left you all yesterday with a heavy heart, and a warm sense of all your kindness. The afternoon was bright, and the mountains beautiful; the air pleasant and bracing, so that with a feeling of returning health after my indisposition I went on comfortably, though under a touching remembrance of the last time, and others too, that I had gone through those scenes. May the hope of enjoying brighter and more enduring scenes with the loved one who has already reached them, sustain me from day to day. Thankfully would I acknowledge that it has been so hitherto; and even this morning, when sitting in this room and feeling sweetly sustained and almost wondering at it, I seemed to hear a voice saying, "It is I, even I, who comforteth thee."

(*To Martha Braithwaite.*)

LINETHWAITE,
Ninth Month 2nd, 1876.

It is indeed cause for thankfulness that your two dear ones got thus safely over the ocean, and may we not now believe that thy dear husband, in America, will be helped from day to day in his labour of love. Our journeyings together have so identified me with

you and the remembrance of the close intimacy of my beloved Robert with thy husband, as well as our journey with you, in which he was so deeply interested, having been his last religious engagement, all makes me feel you and your dear children as very closely connected with my tenderest feelings.

(*To the same.*)

WISBECH, *Ninth Month 26th*, 1876.

Indeed I can say, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped me," and I desire that even through the cloud which has been permitted, *my little light may be kept burning*, so that a brother or a sister may here and there be enabled to put on fresh strength in the name of the Lord.

From her Journal:

Twelfth Month 25th, 1876.—Many are the proofs of loving interest from my numerous friends which I might record, for which my heart overflows with gratitude to them and to Him who has put it into their hearts to love me and to try to comfort me. One sweet token which came this morning I must notice. It is from dear Ellen Clare Pearson; a little bouquet of ferns and flowers, from Palestine: from Bethlehem, Sidon, Jerusalem and Lebanon, with the reference to Rev. xxii. 3, 4, "And there shall be no more curse; but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it, and His servants shall serve Him, and they shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there, and they need no candle; neither light of the

sun; for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever." Sweet and precious thought!

Ninth Month 15th, 1877.—. . . Truly the proofs of my Heavenly Father's love, manifested many ways by putting it into the hearts of my friends to sympathise most lovingly with me, have not been wanting; and my heart overflows with gratitude to Him from whom every good comes. . . . So many circumstances remind me of what I have lost, and open a wound which is not healed; and, indeed, which I do not wish to be healed, except by the touch of that Saviour who alone can bring the poor afflicted soul into acquiescence to the Divine will and keep it from murmuring, and, more than this, who is ever ready to pour into the soul the consolations of that hope which entereth into that which is within the veil. . . .

After our Yearly Meeting, but little of which I was able to attend, my dear sister Lydie came to see me. We had not met before since my great loss; it was touching to be thus brought together, and she deeply shares in my sorrow. She has been with me now for more than three months, and is wishing to return to her home and friends. I shrink from this parting, which may be a final one for this world; and she is the dearest relative I now have. I should like to keep her with me, but she cannot give up her home, and I cannot feel it right to give up mine; and as we each believe that it is the Lord who has set the bounds of our habitations, it is the safest for us both at present to abide where we are, endeavouring to fill up the measure of service for our Lord, if indeed He will con-

descend to use us. We together paid some visits to our relatives and friends, and on our return home found that our dear friend J. B. Braithwaite was visiting the families in our meeting. On Sixth-day he paid us a very sweet and encouraging visit, reminding us both of all the promises contained in the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth chapters of John as being just meant for such as we. I could but marvel at the thought of so much being for *me;* but remembering that it is not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and that all these things are a free and unmerited gift, I find a door of hope.

A little later—Tenth Month 4th, 1877—she writes:

"I must most gratefully acknowledge the favour I have felt it to have my dear sister so long with me. Her cheerful, loving spirit, her love to her Saviour and to all men, especially to those of the household of faith, have been helpful and encouraging to me."

(To Mary Milner.)

74, CLISSOLD ROAD,

Twelfth Month 1st, 1877.

Thy little note of loving sympathy is very acceptable, and I wish to lose no time in sending thee a line, to tell thee, that, although I am passing through deep waters, I am not overwhelmed, but am kept calm and trustful—calm in being able to look at the uninterrupted happiness of our beloved one—and trustful that ere long I may, through unmerited and unbounded

mercy, be permitted to be reunited to him, never more to part. Still we must feel that here we see through a glass darkly, and that as long as this separation lasts, the blank must be keenly felt. Last night was passed with very little sleep. I thought in the night of the passage "He giveth His beloved sleep," and asked for this proof of my dear Saviour's love to me. I like to think, as I write, that it was given, for I felt refreshed, and, after several hours' refreshing sleep, got up better perhaps than for some time.

From her Journal:

First Month 13th, 1878.—Two years have elapsed since I was left to tread the journey of life *alone*—as to outward companionship—and for the past few weeks I have had to pass through serious indisposition, when my great loss has been all the more felt—the loss of one so untiringly kind on such occasions. But this calling off from the usual duties of my quiet life has given me the opportunity of dwelling much on the happiness of my beloved departed one, and of stirring myself up, to lay hold on the consolations of the Gospel, as it regards my own soul, that in the end I may be united with him in the abodes of blessedness. Many have been the humiliations I have had to pass through as, in the stillness of my chamber, the different periods of my life have been unfolded before me; the sins, the temptations, the dangers, the omissions, the deceitfulness of the heart, the pride, the carelessness and indifference, on the one hand; and on the other, the wonderful preservation, the unutterable condescension, the forgiving mercy of my God—who in

Christ hath reconciled me unto Himself, and hath been willing to accept the poor returning prodigal who has remembered the Father's house. Amidst all this humiliation He has been pleased to grant a fresh sense of His mercy, and has at times made my poor heart overflow with gratitude for the outward blessings which from early life to the present time have been so largely bestowed and now so tenderly continued that on looking around me I can acknowledge that every outward want is supplied. As I look back on that period of my life which has been the happiest, I can rejoice and give thanks for having been permitted for the space of about thirty years to enjoy the companionship and the help of one so pure, so devoted, and so heavenly, whose example had so elevating an effect. The Lord grant me His all-sufficient grace that this example may still be acting upon me, that so he being dead may yet speak.

In reflecting upon his character and on that of some others whom I have known and loved, who have been prominent in their labour for their Lord, I have thought that true religion consists more in the *condition* of the soul than in devoted Christian labour. It is true that from a heavenly condition of soul good works must flow, but good works may be performed without this heavenly condition; so we have to pray for the fresh and repeated anointing of the Holy Spirit, that by His grace we may be enabled to use all the gifts bestowed in a manner which may be pleasing to our dear Lord, and promotive of His glory. I am persuaded that it is when the actions have become the *natural outflow*

of the new nature that they have a leavening influence on those around—an influence which is real, though often unperceived by those who exert it. Hence the necessity of what, alas! in a long life of much activity I have been deficient in, of seeking more earnestly *to be* rather than *to do*. I write this fully believing that the doing will follow the being, and that most effectively, and in a deep sense that we are indeed unprofitable servants, if servants at all, and that our only rest is in the mercy of our God in Christ Jesus. These days of most touching reminiscences have been additionally saddened by serious accounts respecting the health of my dear sister Lydie Majolier. I am still anxious, and ask the Lord, if it be His will, to spare me from the trial of losing her; but His will be done. I know she is ready and willing to go, but to me it would be like drinking the cup of bereavement to the very dregs.

(*To Christiana Alsop.*)

Sixth Month 19th, 1878.

. . . Though I have said I was *alone*, it was not to complain, for I need to be alone sometimes, and a few days' quiet will help me rather than otherwise. Still there is that *one* place which no created being can ever occupy, either in the house or in my heart, the daily and hourly privation which causes many a heartache, and the starting of the ready tear. With all this there is the underlying peace arising from the full assurance of *his* happiness, and I trust also of my own acceptance in the *Beloved;* which does tend to keep the heart and mind through Jesus Christ.

From her Journal:

Ninth Month 27th, 1878.—A few days since I returned from a visit of two weeks to my dear friend, Daniel Pryor Hack and his daughters, where I have enjoyed in a large degree the comfort of love and been animated and helped by witnessing the gracious help granted to dear D. P. Hack, and his quiet and even cheerful submission to his great bereavement. May I not only take comfort in this, but also endeavour to follow the prayerful example of this dear aged friend, who, after fifty-nine years of the closest union, is the one left, while the other is taken to her heavenly home to await his coming, which cannot be very far distant.

(*To Martha Braithwaite.*)

STAINES, *Tenth Month 16th*, 1878.

There are times of unwonted pressure to be passed through, when we stand peculiarly in need of the calming influence of our Heavenly Father's love, giving us to feel that as we abide in the faith of our Lord, and in His love, all things shall work together for our good. This is sometimes a hard lesson to learn.

(*To Christiana Alsop.*)

First Month 5th, 1879.

I believe this is my first letter to thee in this new year, and these dates one after the other are marked by very touching recollections; I could but feel at meeting this morning that this day three years ago my dear husband sat for the last time by my side. Now he has reached and enjoyed during those three

years his place in the Church above. Oh! may it be mine to be reunited to him when the Lord sees meet. In the meantime to feel that we are united in the one Lord, is the great bond of union which is not severed by time.

Christine M. Alsop's love for children was very great. Instead of abating, it seemed to deepen and brighten with advancing years. The following is addressed to one of her nephews:

CLISSOLD ROAD, *First Month 5th*, 1879.

I have been very glad to hear that you all liked my cards, and to think of you all at home together, enjoying your holidays. I am sure you have been happy together, if, as I hope is the case, you are all endeavouring to follow that Saviour who has loved you and given Himself for you. Even children can say, "We love Him because He first loved us;" and from this love will proceed our desires to please Him, and all our happiness here and hereafter.

(*To Christiana Alsop.*)

Second Month 2nd, 1879.

We are, many of us, among the weak of the flock in some respects; may we be of the strong *in faith*—for then our *strength* will be of that nature which is truly strength in weakness; for our Saviour is a very present help in every needful time. I cannot dwell on the contents of thy note, which are all acceptable. It is a precious experience to have nothing to do but cheerfully to make ready for the last journey—the end whereof is joy and peace for evermore.

From her Journal:

First Month 12th, 1879.—I have just passed another anniversary of widowhood. Yesterday three years my dearest earthly treasure was taken from me. The time seems long to have had to walk alone, after nearly thirty years of the closest union. Everything is so fresh before me, and the sense of loss so keen, that I can scarcely imagine the time has been so long. Were I to note all the proofs of continued unmerited regard from my Heavenly Father, even since my last entry in this book, I might fill many pages; and how many more, were I to trace the many failures in commission as well as in omission. Oh! the constant need of undeserved mercy. I have so often to deplore a want of gratitude, the absence of a full appreciation of the blessed consolations of the Gospel, the sense of sin and of shortcoming, that at times it seems to shut out "the good hope *through grace:*" that *inexhaustible grace* of which dear Rachel Forster used to speak. Oh! for a fuller unquestioning acceptance of that mercy through which our sins are blotted out and removed "as far as the east is from the west." It is one thing to believe this, as an abstract truth, as an unquestioned fact; and it is another thing to know it for ourselves, and to say: "My Redeemer is mine and I am His;" and yet at times, when I consider the way in which I have been led hitherto, I feel that I ought not only to trust and not to be afraid, but to rejoice in the Lord's mercy, with a sure and certain hope. May the increase of this assurance, with the love consequent upon it, be my experience to the purifying of my heart from all that

is displeasing in my Redeemer's sight, that I may indeed be fitted, even here, for that communion with my Lord which is the portion of the believer.

How soon were these aspirations to be fulfilled. Early in the Second Month, 1879, Christine M. Alsop had a serious attack of influenza and erysipelas, which confined her to her bed for several days, and to the house for some time afterwards. As the end drew near, she was more evidently breathing the atmosphere of heaven, delighting especially to dwell on the love of Christ in His atoning sacrifice for the sins of the whole world.

During the period of her widowhood, Christine M. Alsop did not feel called to engage in much extensive religious service; but she continued diligently to attend meetings, as far as health permitted, and many of her friends can look back with comfort to her sweet and acceptable ministrations at these times, as well as to the enjoyment they had in her animated social companionship.

The Yearly Meeting occurred only a fortnight before her decease. She attended every sitting, and three large public meetings; and it was several times noticed how remarkably bright were her communications. Once she spoke very feelingly about France, and several times she addressed her younger friends. On one occasion she quoted the words of a noted servant of the Lord, that "when he was first convinced of what the Lord had done for him, it was not so much a question with him

to know how much the Lord *required* of him, but how much He would permit him to do," adding, "We are here to be useful one to another; but after all, our usefulness consists more in what we *are* than in what we *do*, and if we are watchful for the opportunity, the Lord will give us something to do for Him."

Her sister, Lydie Majolier, and her two sisters-in-law were with her during the Yearly Meeting. It was a great pleasure to them to be together once more,—a pleasure which they had not enjoyed since Christine M. Alsop had been left a widow.

The evening which they all spent with J. B. and M. Braithwaite, at the close of the Yearly Meeting, is amongst the hallowed recollections of the past. Christine M. Alsop was, as usual, bright and interesting. She brought for them a copy of the little memoir of her late husband, which she had just completed; in the compilation of which, she said, she had seemed to live the past over again, enjoying, as it were, sweet communion of spirit with this beloved one.

Soon after this, her sister Lydie Majolier and Anna Vally being with her, they spent a few days very pleasantly with her dear friend, Rebecca Pryor, at Reigate. Thence they went to Wellingham, near Lewes, to visit Rachel Rickman and her sister. Christine M. Alsop was a good deal exhausted by the journey, but on First-day, the

15th of Sixth Month, attended Lewes Meeting, when both the sisters were acceptably engaged in ministerial service.

Feeling afterwards weary, and "wanting rest," she was conveyed back to Wellingham, where she had a brief and almost painless illness, during which she was enabled to rest with humble and confiding trust in the mercy of God in Christ Jesus.

On one occasion her sister said to her, "Thou art going to thy beloved," when the reply was—"Yes! Jesus is my Beloved;" and, again, "I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine; I am going to my Beloved." After an interval—"I am the Good Shepherd; the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep." . . . "I know my sheep, and am known of mine." "I give unto them eternal life," adding—"And that life is in His Son."

Near the close, her sister remarked, "I believe thou art happy, and that He whom thou hast loved is near thee." "Yes," she rejoined, "I *feel* it, and I can say,' I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine.'" Then, with a heavenly smile, she exclaimed three times, "I am on the banks of deliverance," adding—"How sweet; I am so happy." Her end was peace.

She died at Wellingham, on the 19th of Sixth Month, 1879; aged seventy-five years. Her funeral was largely attended, and it was remarked as an interesting coincidence, that all the members

of her own family of the name of Majolier were present. Her remains rest in the Friends' Burial-ground at Stoke Newington, in the same grave with her beloved husband, and near the last earthly resting-place of her long-loved friend William Allen.

The friend at whose house her decease took place remarked that she seemed to have been brought thither to show them how a Christian could die. May we not add, in the retrospect of her course, the tribute of thanksgiving to Him under whose loving guidance she was led to make England her adopted country, and by whose grace alone she was enabled to give us so bright an example of how a Christian should live.

APPENDIX.

THE RESTORED PRIZE-MONEY AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

In the struggle of the American colonies for independence, in 1776, they received sympathy and aid from France. This produced a war between France and Great Britain.

There was at that time living at Falmouth, in Cornwall, a surgeon named Joseph Fox, a member of the Society of Friends, who, both by education and conviction, regarded War, in every shape, as forbidden by the precepts of the Gospel. He was part owner of the *Greyhound* and the *Brilliant*, two luggers or cutters which traded along the Cornish coast.

It was then the barbarous practice for the owners of such vessels, in time of war, to arm their ships and take out *Letters of Marque*, giving them license to waylay and capture the merchant-vessels of the enemy. In no part of England was this practice more general than in the south-western counties; and the other owners of the two luggers proposed to fit them out for this purpose. Joseph Fox of course objected, and remonstrated strenuously with his partners on the injustice of such an act. Being one alone, how-

ever, his protest was disregarded; the vessels were armed; and the partners refused at the same time either to purchase his share or to allow him to dispose of it to any other. All he could do was to declare that he would never be a partaker in gains so acquired.

The war broke out so unexpectedly that many French craft fell an easy prey to the English cruisers; and the *Greyhound* and *Brilliant* succeeded in capturing two valuable merchantmen, *l'Aimable Française* and *l'Assurance*, together with some small coasting vessels. Joseph Fox's partners, taking advantage of his declaration, made a great effort to retain all the profit of the adventure for themselves; but he believed it to be his Christian duty to claim his share and hold it in trust to be, when occasion should permit, restored to the rightful owners; and with much difficulty he succeeded in obtaining from them a sum of money, which he placed at interest in the public funds. This was in 1778.

In 1783 peace was restored; and the next year, a delay having occurred from the refusal for a time of the partners to give up the bills of lading, Joseph Fox sent his son, Dr. Edward Long Fox, to Paris, to advertise for the owners of the plundered property. A proceeding so unheard of was naturally looked upon with suspicion; and before the doctor could obtain leave to insert his advertisement in the *Gazette de France*, he had to communicate with the Count de Vergennes, one of the French ministry, who required a formal declaration that his real object was such as he professed it to be, and who added a threat of severe punishment in case of deception. Joseph Fox died

of pleurisy, after a short illness, a few days after the appearance of the advertisement.

In consequence of the public notice thus given, applications were made by numerous parties, as proprietors or insurers; all the claims were proved to be well founded; and the chief part of the money was proportionately distributed amongst the owners of the two merchantmen and their cargoes. Those who had been sufferers by the capture of *l'Assurance* made an acknowledgment through the *Gazette* of this rare act of restitution, stating their desire "to give the publicity which it merits to this trait of generosity and equity, which does honour to the Society of the Quakers, and proves their attachment to the principles of peace and unity by which they are distinguished." It is related that this partial restoration of what was looked upon as irrecoverable, was of especial value to the widow of one who had died of a broken heart in consequence of his losses.

After restoring the proportion due to the two principal vessels (about £1,470, including expenses), there remained a balance of £120 on the proceeds of the coasting vessels, which could not be refunded, the owners being numerous and widely scattered in various parts of France and Holland. It was concluded to appropriate this sum to the relief of decayed seamen in the French mercantile service, but no way could be found for doing this before the year 1793, when war again broke out between the two countries. Hostilities continued with little interruption till 1814, when Dr. Edward Long Fox proceeded again to Paris and had an audience of Louis XVIII., and several interviews

with his ministers. Napoleon's return from Elba the next spring caused a fresh delay; and it was not till 1818 that the matter was finally settled. The money (which had been invested at compound interest) had increased to £600; and this sum was deposited in "the treasury of the Invalid Seamen of France," for the relief of "non-combatants of the merchant service."

But this is not the end of the story.

What has been related was not the only result which followed from the advertisement of 1784. Besides the applications for the restored property, Dr. Fox received at the same time a reply of a very different and unexpected character. It was a letter with this address, "The Quakers of Congénies-Calvisson* to the virtuous Fox." The writers describe themselves as a little flock of about a hundred persons, and express the joy it had given them to hear of the efforts used by the advertiser to fulfil the commands of Christ. They represent themselves as opposed to war on Christian principle, and as being in consequence an object of hatred and contempt to their fellow-citizens, both Protestants and Catholics. Especially do they condemn the wars engaged in by the former in previous ages to keep possession of their religious liberties.

This letter led to further correspondence, and to a journey to London by De Marsillac, one of their community. From his account the English Friends discovered to their surprise, that there had existed in the South of France for sixty or seventy years a

* A village ten miles west of Nîmes in the Department of Gard.

Christian Church, which, besides its testimony against war, held spiritual views regarding worship and the ministry identical with their own. When inquired of concerning their history, and how they came to entertain such views, the Congénies Friends said that, according to the traditions preserved amongst them, they sprang out of the Camisards, or Protestants of the Cevennes, who from 1702 to 1705, defended themselves against all the armies sent by Louis XIV. to compel them to abjure their faith. How their forefathers came to adopt such a manner of worship and such religious views they could not say; only on one point, their testimony in regard to war, had they preserved any clue as to the means by which the light may have come to them. In the heat of the fierce and vindictive struggle just mentioned, in the year 1703, an epistle, believed to be written by some faithful pastors of Geneva, was received and circulated through the Cevennes.* It was an appeal, strong and warm with Christian love, calling on their persecuted brethren in the faith to cease from incendiarism and murder, and to throw away the sword.

* The historian who has preserved this letter, a Roman Catholic, says he received it from a Protestant lawyer, and that it was "originated, digested and issued by a synod abroad." *Louvreleuil, Le Fanatisme renouvelé.* Avignon, 1868. Tom. i., p. 127. And when Stephen Grellet was at Congénies in 1807, he was shown a copy of it in manuscript. Another Romanist historian says, "The ministers at Geneva in their sermons loudly protested against the massacres committed by the Camisards." *De Brueys, Hist. du Fanatisme de notre temps.* Utrecht, 1737. Vol. i., pp. 372, 373.

We have only space here for one or two paragraphs.

"Dear Christian Brethren," so runs the epistle, "we are grieved to hear that after having begun in the Spirit you should finish by the flesh, and so expose yourselves to lose all the fruit of your sufferings. We know the violent measures which have been used to compel you to attend mass, and to send your children to the Romanist schools; how soldiers surround you and pounce upon you, like wolves on lambs, when you assemble in secret to worship God. We know the cruelties which are inflicted upon you, pitilessly, incessantly, the loss of your goods and the maltreatment of your persons; how chains, imprisonment, torture and the gibbet have at length broken down your patience and filled your hearts with despair and rage. We confess that under such protracted and bitter trials, it is hard to withstand the impulses of nature, which, in spite of ourselves, spring up in the depths of the heart, bidding us render evil for evil. We pity and sympathise with you in this fiery trial; but you are Christians, Reformed Christians! . . . Perhaps you flatter yourselves that the disorders you commit will rid you of the evils which crowd upon you. Perhaps you imagine that those among you who burn churches and massacre priests in cold blood, are overthrowing superstition and idolatry. Blind and mistaken men! Have you forgotten that it is never permitted to do evil that good may come?—that you are not now under the old law, by which it was commanded to exterminate idolators and destroy their high places, but under the new commandment whose Author willeth not the death of a sinner, but that he should be converted and

live? It must be the Lord's arm, and not yours, which shall put an end to your captivity. Do all you can to obtain the desired object by a holy life, and not by the works of darkness."

The Romish historian of the times observes, that for several days after the reading of this letter the Camisards refrained from their accustomed acts of cruelty and reprisal; but no more permanent effect on the body of the people appears to have followed.

Amongst the Camisards were a number of persons, men and women, who laid claim to the gift of prophecy, and who were accustomed to stand up in the assemblies and declare, as if by divine direction, in what way attack or defence against the enemy was to be made. One of these, a young woman named Lucretia, excited the jealousy of the leaders by the influence she had acquired over the people. They attempted to silence her; she arose and cried, "Let those who love me, follow me." A crowd of admirers accompanied her to her dwelling, which became a place for religious meetings. From this company, says tradition, the Friends in Congénies are descended. For some years we know nothing further of their history. When the veil begins to lift, we see a community of God-fearing persons at Fontanès, Congénies, St. Hippolite, and other places at the foot of the Cevennes, who met in private to perform their simple manner of worship.*

* The writer, in 1869, was shown at Fontanès, in an ancient house with massive stone walls, a wine-vault where the Friends used to meet in the earlier half of the last century. A nick-name was given to them, indicative of their manner of sitting in silence with their heads bowed in worship.